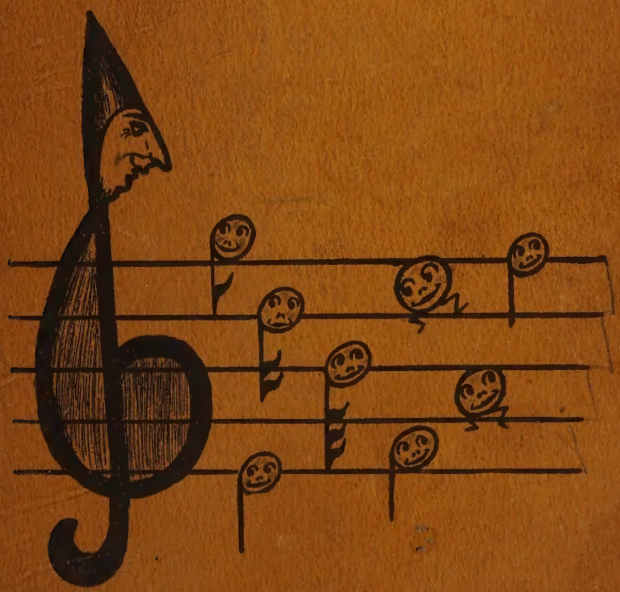
Prince Melody in Music Land

By Elizabeth Simpson

With Illustrations by
Mary Virginia Martin

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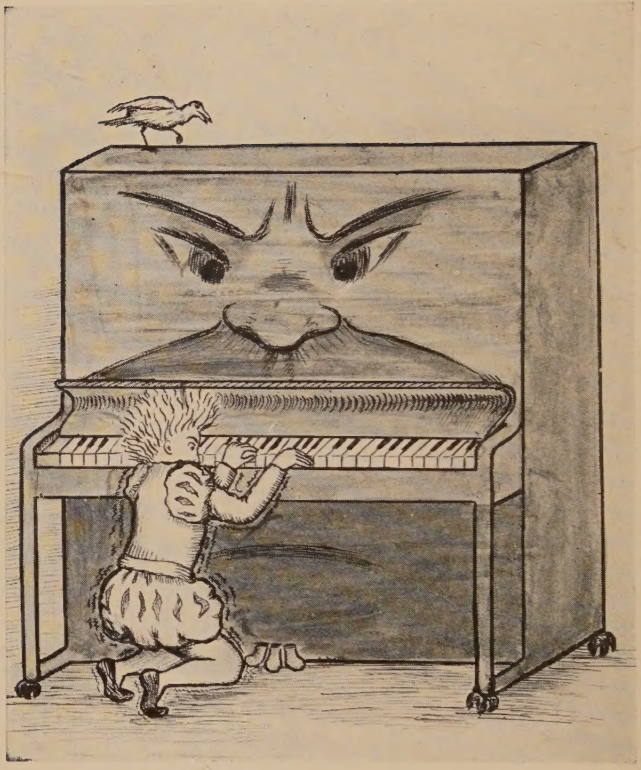

"YOU SILLY," CHUCKLED THE MUSIC BIRD, "WHY, THAT IS ONLY A PIANO"

Prince Melody in Music Land

Musical Fairy Tales
for Musical Children
by Elizabeth Simpson

Illustrations by
Mary Virginia Martin

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To My Sister

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The Marvellous Adventures of Prince Melody in Music Land

ONCE there was a prince named Melody who lived in a castle which was called the Octave because it was surrounded by eight great mountains so high that no one had ever been able to see their tops. All alone lived this prince, and you would think that he must have been very lonely, for he was only eight years old; but he was never afraid because wherever he went he heard sweet music as if many little voices were singing to him.

"Good morning, Prince Melody," sang all the flowers when they opened their eyes in the morning. "Come and lie down in the grass and we will tell you a story."

"Let us carry you into the tree-tops on our little wings," chirped the birds, fluttering to meet him. "You may live in our nests and we will sing to you all day long."

"We will fight for you!" cried the grass blades. "See our sharp spears! No one can harm you while we are here to protect you."

"I could tell you the funniest tale!" chuckled a little brook as it leaped over the stones. "Come with me and you will never be sorry. Such a gay life as we will lead!" and he laughed merrily as he ran away through the forest.

"We will sing you to sleep!" sighed the tree-tops, as they waved gently to and fro. "Just listen tonight after you go to bed and hear our lullaby underneath your window."

So the prince was very happy and never grew tired of playing with the birds and flowers and of listening to the chatter of the brook, but one day a strange thing happened to him as he was walking in the garden. He suddenly noticed that all the round white pebbles on the ground were rolling around in great excitement and he heard a queer confused murmur as if they were trying to say something. "What is this?" he wondered, as he picked up a handful. "In all my life I never knew that stones could talk, and how they are all tumbling about!"

"O-o-o-o!" said one as he bounced up and down until he nearly fell out of the prince's hand. "Do tell me what my name is, or I shall die!"

"Z-z-z-z!" buzzed the next one, rolling over and over. "I have forgotten mine, too. Oh, what is it!" and in his distress he tumbled down into the grass and was lost for ever.

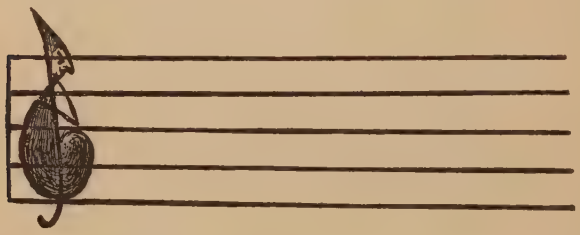
"But you *haven't* any names, you silly things!" cried Melody. "You are just pebbles—"

"No! No!" they all shrieked, "we are *not!* We have names, but we cannot think what they are. We are—" and they bounced up and down in great distress. "We are—oh, what *are* we!"

"Notes, of course!" said a high cracked voice so close to the prince's ear that he jumped and dropped all the pebbles on the ground; and there at the edge of the wood stood the strangest figure that any one's eyes ever saw. Such a funny old lady she was, with a black, pointed cap and a nose that grew away down over her chin and only one foot in a shoe that curled up at the heel. She wore a long black robe that trailed behind

her on the ground and in her hand she carried a great staff made of five slender sticks all bound together.

As the prince gazed at her, hardly knowing whether to be afraid or not, she threw the staff to the ground and sat down on one end of it, when immediately the sticks changed into long slender lines and stretched themselves out as if they were made of rubber instead of wood.



"Come here, my dear,—there is nothing to be afraid of!" she chuckled, beckoning to Melody, with one crooked finger. "I am your good friend, if you only knew it, and I have brought you the nicest present you ever saw in all your life"—as she settled herself comfortably on the staff and wrapped her long robe around her knee.

"But who are you?" whispered the prince, timidly peering up into her bright black eyes.

"MY NAME IS TREBLE CLEF," SHE PIPED

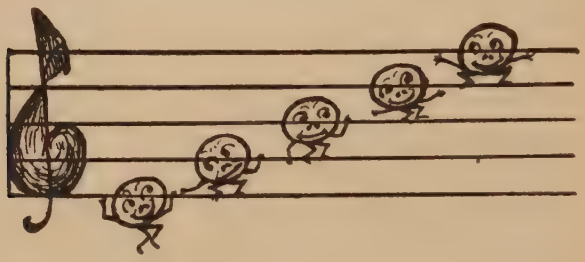
"I never saw any one like you before!"

"My name is Treble Clef," she piped. "I have come to live with you, if you will let me; and I can promise you that when you have once seen all the games I can teach you you will never want me to go away"—and her little beady eyes twinkled so merrily that Melody liked her all at once, and nestled close to her side, while she wrapped her robe snugly about him. "That is good!" she cried. "Now for our game! Ho! Notes, notes, notes, come to me!" Then Melody gasped in great surprise for all the pebbles leaped up and fell like a great shower of hailstones all over Treble Clef and the staff she was sitting on.

"Order!" she cried. "I never saw such bad notes! You know perfectly well that I want only one on each line. Come now—" and she seized a broom that she had hidden underneath her robe and swept and swept until most of the notes were glad to tumble out of the staff and hide wherever they could. A few of the boldest, however, still remained, clinging to the lines like grim death.

"Oh, see!" cried Melody. "There is only one note on each line! But what are they saying?"

"We *will* not let go!" they were crying. "We will stay here until you tell us our first names. Oh, what are they!"—and they rolled and tumbled about until Prince Melody had to laugh in spite of himself, and even Treble Clef smiled behind her long nose.



"Well, here they are, since you will have them!" she said. "The note sitting on my lowest line is E."

"That is Easy!" shouted the first one, rocking himself with glee. "I never can forget that again!"

"The second is G," said she.

"That is because I am so Good," cried he. "See, Treble Clef's robe curls right around my line!"

"The third is B," said Treble Clef.

"Hurrah! I am Brave," he sang. "It took a great deal of courage to jump away up here to the third line!"

"The fourth is D."

"I knew I was a Dear!" exclaimed number four, beaming with joy. "I am sure she likes me best of all!"

"The fifth is F."

"That is because I can Fly!" he sang. "See how high I am! No one else could have reached this line but me!"

"Now hear us all say our names!" shouted the notes: "E, G, B, D, F! Ha! ha! we remember them now!"

"Let me see if I know you!" cried Melody, jumping up and running out in front of the staff. "You are F"—to the first one.

"No! no! stupid! I am E!" it sang.

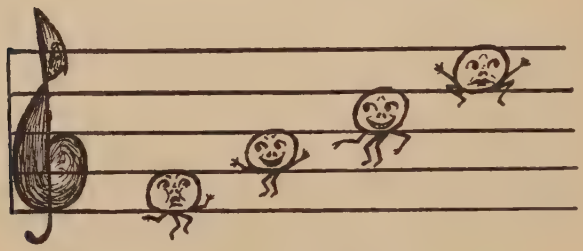
"Oh, yes! but the second is G and the third is D."

"No, no! I am B!" it shouted making a face at him.

"The fourth is D, I know, and the fifth is F.

Now I have them—E, G, B, D, F. Why, they all rhyme except the last one! That makes them easy to remember,—but what are these?"—for four more notes were rolling and bumping into the staff.

"Tell us our names too!" they begged, tum-



bling into the spaces between the lines, and peeping out at Treble Clef. "See how good we are!"

"Yes, you are dear, obedient children," chuckled Treble Clef. "Here you are: the first one is F."

"Of course I am because I am so Fat," he sighed, and he really was so plump that he could hardly squeeze between the lines. "I'll never fall out, that's sure—it was all I could do to get in!"

"You are A," she said to the next one.

"Ha! Ha! I'm an Angel, I am!" he screamed, jostling G and B so that they nearly fell off their lines. "Just behave as well as I do, if you can, all of you naughty notes!" and he pinched his neighbour so hard that Treble Clef had to box his ears.

"The third is C," she said.

"Aha! I'm Clever, for I knew that all the time," he giggled, but Treble Clef frowned at him and she said:

"And the fourth is E, because he is a good, Earnest child," as she patted him on the head. "Now say your names, you little notes in the spaces."

"F, A, C, E," they cried all together.

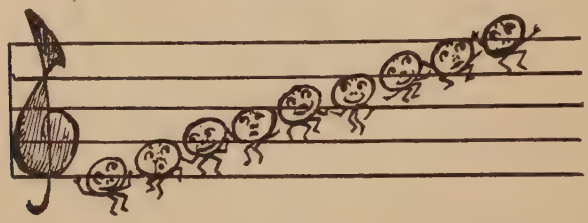
"Why, that spells 'face,'" laughed Melody. "Is it your face or mine that they are spelling, dear Treble Clef?"

"It is our own, stupid!" they sang back. "Do you think we would spell any one else's face when we have four beautiful ones of our own?" and they stuck out their tongues at him.

"Do not quarrel," warned Treble Clef, "for I want you to be friends and play together. Now

arrange yourselves all in a row, and tell me your names."

Then there was a scramble indeed, as the notes rolled and tumbled over each other in their haste, but in a moment there they sat, all in a row.

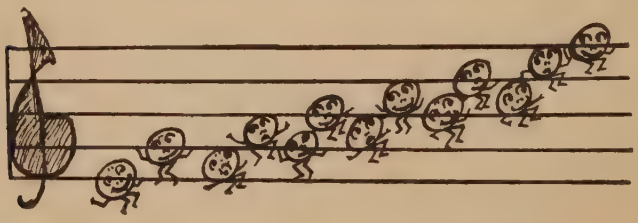


"One, two, three, sing," cried Treble Clef.

"E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F," they called back. "Oh, *we* know our names, but Melody doesn't!"

"Yes, I do," he cried; "they go up just like my alphabet only they begin in the middle of it! E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F!" and he danced a jig in his glee.

"But now you can't name us," they cried, tumbling out again and sitting down haphazard;



"I *will!*" shouted Melody, very angry. "E! G! F! A! G! B! A! C! B! D! C! E! F! There! I can do it if I go slowly enough," and he stamped both feet at them.

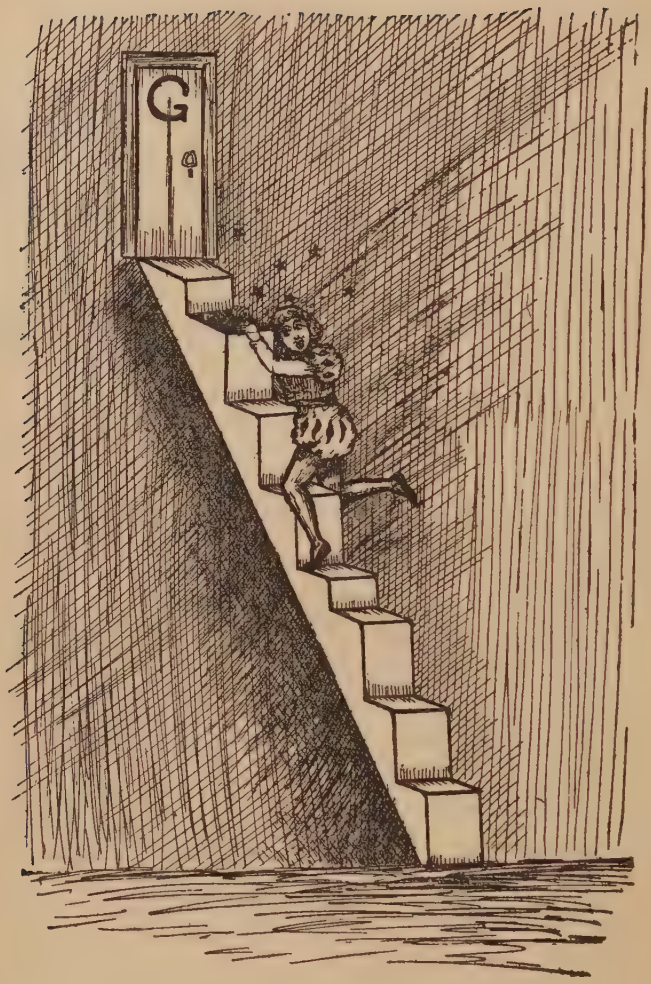
"Oh, do not be so cross!" begged all the notes, leaping out of the staff and falling at his feet. "We love you, and we want to live here and be your playmates, dear Melody!"

"Indeed, you may stay!" cried Melody, forgetting his bad temper as he gathered them all up and put them into his pocket. "Dear Treble Clef, I want you too, for I should be lonely now without you. Come, let me lead you to my Octave castle."

So they all went home with Prince Melody and the birds talked about the exciting news all night until even the flowers forgot to go to sleep; while the little brook chattered so fast that he quite wore out the banks on either side with his silly gossip. The sun was so anxious to see what was happening the next day that he rose at two o'clock in the morning and surprised the moon as she was peering curiously in at Melody's window, and even the trees dreamed that Treble

Clef rode on their branches all night, and woke up very tired the next morning. I never could tell you if I tried a whole year of all the games Prince Melody learned to play with the notes, while Treble Clef sat on her staff and looked on. She taught him to draw all their pictures; he learned to drop them into the staff so that they always fell exactly on their own lines; he loved to play hide and seek with them all over the staff; he learned to know them so well that he could say their names as fast as they could possibly hop up into their places; and in short, they grew to be such fast friends that they were always together.

But one day such a wonderful thing happened that you would never believe it if you did not hear it with your own ears, and so if you like I shall soon tell you the true story of Prince Melody and the Magic Staircase.



He found the seventh step a black one. "Dear me! how sharp it is!" he cried.

THE STORY OF THE MAGIC STAIRCASE

PRINCE MELODY was awakened one morning by a queer tapping on his window, and sitting up drowsily he saw Treble Clef outside on the casement, peering in at him with her bright black eyes. Up he jumped in a hurry and threw the window wide open, when she came flying in on her broomstick, looking for all the world like a witch with her pointed cap and her black robe trailing behind her.

"Ho! ho!" she chuckled, shaking her staff at Melody. "If you only knew what is down in the courtyard you wouldn't be here a single minute longer! A strange thing happened last night while you were asleep!" and she wagged her head at him, tapping the floor with her foot as she smiled mysteriously.

"Oh, what can it be!" he cried, throwing his arms about her neck. "Dear Treble Clef, do

take me down on your broomstick and let me see for myself! O-o-o-o-h!"—for quicker than a wink they had leaped out of the window and were sailing through the air at a great rate, Treble Clef on her broomstick, and Melody on the staff by her side. Through the tree-tops they flew, down, down, down, until they alighted gently in the great courtyard before the Octave Castle. Then indeed Melody rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to be sure that he was not dreaming, for there stood a great round tower that he had never seen before, with walls of pure white marble, and thousands of tiny windows that shone and glistened like diamonds in the sun. It had twelve flights of steps leading up its sides, and as he stood looking at it, music such as he had never heard before in all his life began to come from it, as if its very walls were singing.

Melody clapped his hands in joy. "Dear Treble Clef," he begged. "Let us climb these stairs and see where all that beautiful music lives. Come!"—seizing her hand as he rushed toward the tower.

"Take us too!" cried a multitude of tiny

voices, as his little friends, the notes, came thronging about his feet.

"Indeed, I will!" he replied, picking up a handful and putting them into his pocket. "Look! this first staircase is marked 'Scale of C,'—what a strange name!"

With Treble Clef at his side he ran up the first two steps, but he stumbled on the third.

"Why!" he cried, "the third and fourth steps are shorter than the rest!"—and sure enough they were only half as far apart as the others. "I wonder if there are any more short steps," he said as he climbed on. "Yes, here is another between seven and eight, but this is the last one," as he pushed open a little door at the top and dragged Treble Clef in after him.

They found themselves in a beautiful room full of strange playthings such as Melody had never seen before, and as they entered a chorus of little voices sang, "Welcome, Prince Melody! we have been waiting for you such a long time! Come and play with us!"

"Why, everything here can talk and sing!" cried Melody, while the notes tumbled out in

great excitement and rolled all over the floor. "See, even the walls are saying something"—as he rushed up to a picture:—

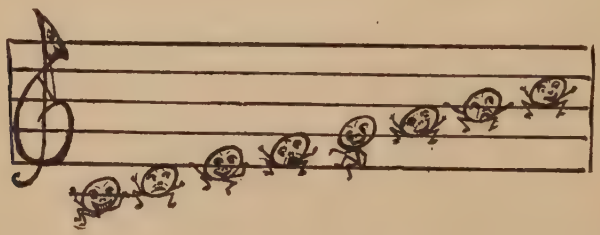
"What are you?" he asked curiously.

"I am the picture of the Scale of C, with its steps and half steps," it replied. "Can you write my numbers?"

Then he saw a blank space on the wall, and it sang to him,

"Look at me, and you will see
How to write the scale of C."

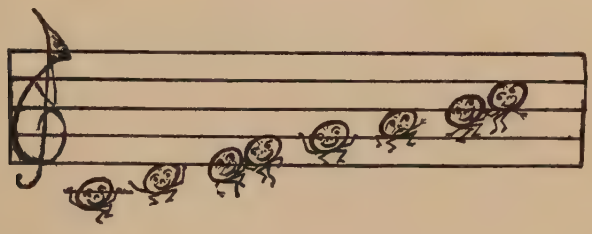
and presto! quicker than a wink Treble Clef flew up and sat down on the end of her staff in the vacant space, while eight notes leaped up from the floor and sat down on the lines and spaces.



"Now," said a little bird close to his ear, "this is another picture of the Scale of C. Have you

forgotten where the half steps are, or can you tell these notes how to arrange themselves?"

"Of course I know!" cried the prince. "Three and four, and seven and eight, must sit closer together."



"Good!" chirped the bird, fluttering gaily about on his bright little wings. "Now come, I have a new plaything for you!" and off he darted to a big black creature that was standing on its hind feet in one corner like a great bear. As Melody approached he opened his mouth wide, showing a long row of black and white teeth, which startled the prince so much that he tripped and fell against the monster, who uttered a fearful roar.

"Oh, help! help!" cried Melody, frightened almost out of his senses, as he scrambled to his feet and rushed to the door. "I don't want to

play with that great thing—he will eat me alive!"

"You silly!" chuckled the bird, as he flew to the rescue. "Why, that is only a Piano! he won't hurt you! Come now, stroke him gently and he will sing anything you want him to. Don't be afraid!"—and he pulled Melody back and set him down before the Piano, who rattled all his pedals in joy to see them coming.

"Welcome, dear prince!" he cried. "See my beautiful keys ready for you to play with—but please don't fall on my keyboard again, for it gives me a dreadful pain"—and he smiled cheerfully at Melody, who quite forgot to be afraid and danced his fingers up and down on the keys until the Piano chuckled with glee.

"I'll sing the Scale of C if you can guess where to put your fingers," he said, "and here is a riddle for you!"

'Every Key
Half step be;
Every other key,
Whole step be.'

"*You* can't guess it!" and he winked all of his

eyes at the prince, who stared at him in amazement.

"I'll tell you!" whispered the little bird. "From every one of his keys to the next one is a half step, just like the short step of the scale staircase; but from every key to its second neighbour is a whole step, like the long steps of the staircase; and this is C"—pecking at one of the white keys with his long red bill.

"Ha! ha!" shouted Melody. "I've guessed it! I've guessed it! and this is the Scale of C with all its steps and half steps"—playing it as he talked. "Oh, I love you, dear Piano! I never want to go home!"

Suddenly the room was filled with rosy light, and there stood a beautiful fairy with long golden hair and a golden crown on her head. She smiled sweetly on Melody as she took him by the hand and said, "I am the good fairy of this tower, and my name is Music. Every one who visits me must come by the Scales, for they are the steps that lead to my home. Now all this day you may play on the C staircase; but the next time you visit me you may come by the

stairway called the Scale of G. Now I will show you what a beautiful song can be made from the Scale of C."

So she sat down before the Piano and gently placed her fingers on his keys; and such a lovely song he sang that all the little notes came rolling up to listen. Treble Clef flew down to the top of the piano and leaned her head on her staff; and even the little bird forgot to flutter around, and sat quietly on Melody's shoulder watching the beautiful fairy with his bright little eyes. But when the song was finished the fairy clapped her hands, and lo! in that very instant the prince was back in his own castle,—and try as hard as he might he could not find the tower with its magic staircase all the rest of that day; but as soon as he opened his eyes the next morning, there it was again, gleaming white in the sunshine.

"I can climb the G staircase today!" he cried as he ran eagerly toward it. "One, two, three, whole steps; and sure enough, here is the half step between three and four! Five, six, seven, whole steps,—but what is this?" He found the

seventh step a black one, which surprised him so much that he fell and struck his head on the edge. "Dear me! how sharp it is!" he cried, as he rubbed the big black bump. "I'm always going to call that black step a sharp, and I must ask the music fairy why she has it there."

When he entered the tower the fairy greeted him kindly and said: "I am sorry that you fell on the sharp step, but the scale of G always has the seventh step sharp, and I will show you why." So they sat down before the Piano and she said: "Now play the scale of G and be sure that the half steps are in the right place."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight," said the prince, playing as he talked; "why, that doesn't sound right, and the half step comes in the wrong place!"

One of the little black keys sang: "I can help you if you will let me; my name is F *sharp*. Play me instead of F and see how much better I sound."

"Oh," said the prince when he had played it, "that makes the half step come in the right place, and now I know why that step was black and

sharp. I want to make a picture of this scale." So Treble Clef flew up on the wall again, and he arranged the notes as he had played them on the Piano; and because it took too long to write the word "sharp" he made F hold a little ladder on his shoulder to remind him that that step of the staircase was sharp.

Then the fairy took him by the hand and said: "Come, we will look at all the other staircases that lead to my tower."

They found that six of them had many sharp black steps, and the other six had flat black ones; but in every one of them the third and fourth steps were short, and the seventh and eighth also.

So Prince Melody spent many happy days playing on all the scale staircases, and he learned to draw every one of their pictures and to make the Piano sing them. But one day he grew tired of staying at home, so the Music Fairy took him on a wonderful journey; and in my next story you shall hear all about the Visit to Note Land.

First came a great fat white note, almost round, with neither feet nor wings.

A VISIT TO NOTE LAND

"I AM tired of the scale ladders!" cried Prince Melody one morning as he ran into the tower of the music fairy. "I know every sharp and flat in them by heart! Is there not something new in Music Land?"

"Yes," replied the fairy, "if you will come with me I can promise you a very amusing day. You have played with your little friends, the notes, until you think that you know them; but they have many brothers that you have never even dreamed of, who live all together in their magic realm of Note Land. Today I am going to visit them—would you like to come with me?"

The prince jumped up and down and clapped his hands in glee. "Oh, where is it?" he cried, "and can we start immediately?"

The fairy smiled, led him to the scale picture, touched a secret spring, and behold! a panel flew open, showing a staircase that wound up and up until it seemed almost to reach the sky. Up

they climbed until the poor prince grew so weary and faint from fatigue that he sank down on the winding stair, sighing.

"I can go no farther, my dear fairy,—leave me here—the way is too steep and difficult."

Then the fairy gently lifted him and pressed her fingers upon his eyelids while she murmured a few words in a strange language; and presto! they found themselves in the dome of a high tower so far above the clouds that they could see them floating below like great white ships. The walls of the dome were of clearest crystal and the floor was pearly white, and on all sides were glittering gems without number, so that the whole tower glowed and sparkled as if it were a great jewel. The prince clapped his hands with joy and ran around eagerly looking at all the wonderful sights. But soon he thought he heard a confused murmur like many little voices all about him.

"What are these strange sounds?" he asked. "I see no one but ourselves, and yet I hear something that sounds like fairies singing."

"Ah, my dear Melody," replied the Music

Fairy, "you are to see strange sights in this tower. The sounds you hear are my note legions who are outside clamoring to see Prince Melody; but they are such a lively crowd that they must be managed with great firmness or they will over run all bounds. We must have some help,"—and she struck the floor three times with a golden staff. Instantly a gorgeous figure appeared as if by magic and stood before her,—a tall beautiful youth with a face that shone like the sun, and feet that seemed to dance in time, and all his motions were so swift and graceful that they were like enchanting music.

"This is my faithful servant, Rhythm," said the fairy, "and he knows best of all how to govern my mischievous note fairies. They wish to see Prince Melody," she added, looking appealingly at the newcomer. "How shall we manage to keep them in order?"

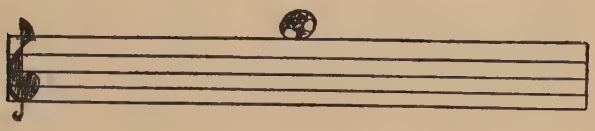
"Nothing could be simpler," briskly replied Rhythm. "See, I have brought my measures with me. I will place them on the floor and admit only enough notes in each one to fill it."

So he set busily to work and in a trice he had a

row of measures that covered almost the entire floor. When all was ready the Music Fairy seated herself upon a throne that was made of a single ruby and drew Prince Melody close to her. Then Rhythm strode to a small door that the prince had not seen before, unlocked it with a tiny golden key, and swung it wide. "Note fairies, enter and pay homage to Prince Melody!" he cried in a loud voice; and in trooped a multitude of tiny figures the oddest and most curious that the prince had ever seen. First came a great, fat, white note, almost round, with neither feet nor wings, so that he could only roll over and over in a most comical way; but when Prince Melody laughed at him he tilted himself up angrily and stared him quite out of countenance.

"Boom, boom!" he roared. "How dare you treat me with so little respect! I am the largest and most important note in Music Land! Boom! I am the only note in all the world that can fill an entire measure! I am a Whole Note!" And he bounded up like a rubber ball and tumbled into one of the empty measures,

where he sat down on the highest line and glared about him as if to say, "Let any one come into my measure if he dares!"



The prince looked at the fairy in astonishment, but she whispered, smiling, "Let him alone; he is the most selfish note in Music Land and will never allow any one else in his measure. To tell the truth, he is so disagreeable that none of the other notes care to be with him, so we usually put him quite at the end of a piece, and he thinks that he is very important because he always has the last word. But look!" for two white notes were passing hand in hand.

"These notes can walk!" cried the prince, "but how very strange to have only one leg apiece!"

"How very odd it must be to have two!" sang back the white notes. "They must be dreadfully hard to manage! You never saw a note with more than one. We are Half Notes, and two of us can live in the same measure." So

they walked off in a very stately way, and stood up side by side in a measure just below the one in which the whole note lived.

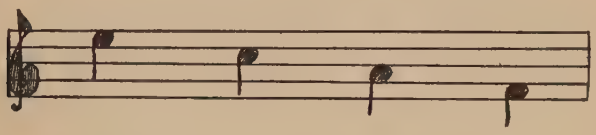
"Boom!" cried the whole note. "I have four beats, and you have only two apiece!" And he rolled about and rocked himself with glee so that he fell off his line, and only with the greatest difficulty did he save himself from dropping out of his measure entirely.

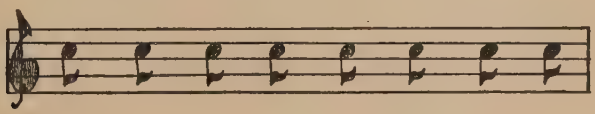
"Ha! ha!" shouted the half notes hilariously as they saw him clinging desperately to the lowest line, "Humpty Dumpty had a great fall, didn't he? and anyhow twice two are four, so we fill a measure just as much as you do; and you cannot do this,"—and they stood on their heads and waved their feet disrespectfully at him until he nearly burst with rage.

At this critical point Rhythm strode up and quickly restored order by saying sternly, "Have you forgotten that I can make a rest of any note if I wish? Be quiet now and show Prince

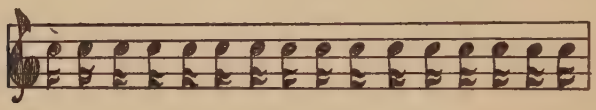
Melody that you really can be good if you try."

Then along came four little black notes, marching like soldiers, and singing, "We are the Quarter Notes—one, two, three, four;—and while we are small, we are the most useful notes of all, for we march along so steadily and never run away. See!"—and they stepped nimbly into a measure and sat down in four empty spaces;



"You *are* good notes, but after all, you can only walk, while we can fly!" sang the Eighth Notes. "See our beautiful wings! and that means that we can go twice as fast as you can!" and they flew straight to their measure and settled down happily, eight in a row.

"If one wing is good, two are better!" cried the Sixteenth Notes, a whole bevy of them, "and

we can fly twice as fast as you can, too, even if both of our wings are on the same side!" So they flew swiftly into their measures and fluttered to their places like a flock of butterflies.

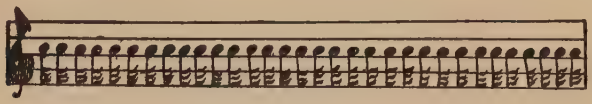


"Oh, what are these?" cried the prince, as he was surrounded by a thick swarm of little black notes. "See, they have three wings apiece, and they are as small as bees, and there are so many of them! I am afraid"—and he crept closer to the Music Fairy.

"They are quite harmless," smiled the fairy; "do you not hear what they are singing?"

"We are the Thirty-second Notes. We are the brownies of Music Land," sang a multitude of tiny voices. "When you wish to go very quickly into the realm of music we will carry you on our three little wings. The Whole Note is a clumsy giant; the Half Notes are so fat that they cannot walk fast to save their lives; the Quarter Notes are brave soldiers who like to march along steadily and beat time for all the rest of us; the

Eighth Notes are gay children who love a frolic; the Sixteenths are restless little imps who cannot be quiet a single instant; but *we* are the brownies. We are the wings of music," and they floated about him in gay circles and finally dropped lightly into their measure, which they filled so full that they had to sit very close together to get in.



Prince Melody clapped his hands with joy to see such a brave array before him. "Oh, dear Music Fairy," he begged, "let us take all these notes back to the music castle with us! I wish them to be my playmates forever—I love every one of them!"

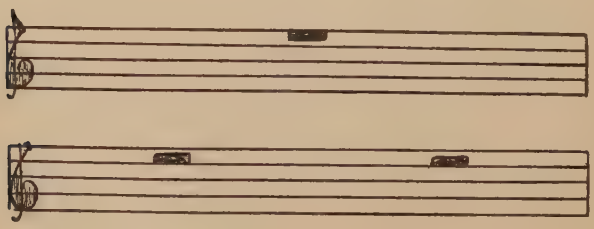
At this the notes shouted with glee and danced up and down in their measures as they began to sing all at once. "Take me," boomed the whole note. "I will fill every measure you put me into." "Take us," cried the half notes, hopping madly up and down. "We want to go," sang the quarter notes. "We will be your soldiers

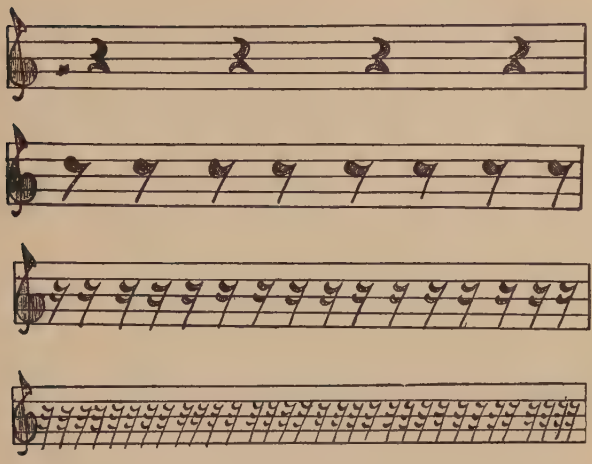
and beat the drum for all the others to march by."

"We will play with you," sang the eighth note, while the sixteenth and thirty-second notes grew so excited that they tangled all their wings together and fell in a disorderly heap in one corner of their measure.

"Help!" cried the prince. "My good Rhythm, cannot you make order and stop this dreadful confusion?"

Up strode Rhythm and held his ebony bar over the measures while he muttered a charm, and lo! in the twinkling of an eye the room was filled with a thick black cloud, and there was a silence like the grave. When the darkness cleared away the prince rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was awake, for not a single note could he find anywhere, but in the measures lay a mul-





titude of strange figures such as he had never seen, and all were as silent and motionless as the dead.

"Oh, where have my dear little notes gone?" he cried, trembling. "And what are these strange shapes? I feel as if something dreadful had happened!"

The fairy smiled and took him by the hand. "Every note is a sound," she said gently, "and each one has a shadow which is silent and cannot sing, and we call these silences 'rests.' Whenever a note grows too noisy or rebellious, we punish him by turning him into his own shadow and making a rest of him. Then he cannot sing

or talk and he must remain perfectly quiet until we release him."

"But I do not like my little notes to be quiet," cried the prince with tears in his eyes. "Do call them back to life, dear Rhythm, and I will give my word of honour that they will be good and obedient."

So Rhythm waved his ebony wand and instantly the room was flooded with radiant sunshine, and presto! there in each measure sat the notes again; and the air was full of music, for they were all singing their love for Prince Melody, and their promises to do his bidding for ever.

Then the Music Fairy said, "Come, let us go back to my tower, and the little notes may come and live with us." So they started down the winding stair in a brave procession. First went Rhythm, beating the time with his ebony wand, then the Music Fairy with Prince Melody close by her side, then the whole army of notes—the Whole Note rolling ponderously from step to step, the Half Notes walking along in a very stately manner, the Quarter Notes marching

sturdily four abreast, and all the winged notes joyously flitting and circling round their heads. So they came home to Music Land where the notes lived happily with Prince Melody and the Music Fairy for ever afterward; and in my next story you shall hear the marvellous tale, "The Giant Bass Clef."

"THE OGRE BASS CLEF WAS A TERRIBLE BLACK DWARF WITH A HUMPED BACK AND ONE CROOKED, HORNY FOOT"

THE GIANT BASS CLEF

"WHERE did you live before you came to Music Land?" asked Prince Melody curiously as he ran to greet Treble Clef one fine morning.

"Ah, my child, that is a sad story," she sighed. "Many are the trials I suffered before I reached this kingdom. Come, sit by me and I will tell you about it. Run away and play, all you little notes," as Melody nestled down beside her on the staff; and away rolled the notes for a royal game of hide and seek in the grass.

"You must know," she said, wiping away a tear with one corner of her robe, "that I was once a beautiful princess, with hair as bright as the sun, and a face so fair that no one who gazed on it could ever forget the Princess Treble Clef. I lived on a high mountain top in a royal palace with twice ten thousand servants to do my bidding. But one great fear was with me night and

day; for I had an enemy—the ogre Bass Clef, who lived in a great cavern underneath my mountain. He was a terrible black dwarf with a humped back and one crooked horny foot; and on dark nights we could hear him grumbling and growling as he sat in his cavern, swearing vengeance on the Princess Treble Clef because she was tall and straight and beautiful while he was crooked and humpbacked and ugly. So one dreadful day when I was walking in the forest and had strayed too near his domain he leaped out, bound me hand and foot, and dragged me away into his cave; and there he kept me captive for a thousand years, until I had grown old and ugly and had become like a hideous witch. But one morning as he lay asleep behind a rock, I broke my chains, I beat him with my staff until he was dead, and then—*then* I flew away as fast as my wings could carry me to my own dear castle. But alas, it had fallen into ruins and the beautiful golden walls were all crumbled and broken. I wandered through the gardens calling my maidens, but no one answered, so I wept bitterly and wished that I had died in the cave

of the ogre. But suddenly a little voice whispered to me:

" 'Do not despair, for in the kingdom of Music Land is a little prince who needs you very much. Come, mount your staff and fly to him, and you shall be happy for ever afterward'; so here I am, dear Melody, and I never want to go away"—as she drew him closer and lovingly stroked his hair.

"Indeed you never shall," cried Melody throwing his arms around her neck, "you shall stay with me for ever. I could not live without you. But listen"—for in the distance they heard a heavy rumbling like thunder; and the air grew black while a rushing wind made the treetops bend almost to the ground. Then the earth shook beneath a heavy tramping foot and in the darkness of the forest they saw a great misshapen black figure rushing toward them.

"Gr-r-r-r," he growled as he pounced on Trable Clef, who was so terrified that she could not move hand or foot. "You thought I was dead! but I've found you! and I'll take good care that you don't escape me again. Come,

now,"—and he seized her by the hair and dragged her away through the forest, while Melody stood helplessly by, crying as if his heart would break.

"What is all this noise about?" chirped a little voice in Melody's ear, as the Music Bird came flying up with a whole note perched on his back.

"Oh, help me! help me!" sobbed Melody. "Bass Clef has captured Treble Clef and I shall never see her again!"

"Run to the Music Fairy quicker than a wink!" chirped the bird in a great flurry as he darted off into the forest; and in a trice he had overtaken the ugly giant and had pecked out both of his eyes, while Treble Clef struggled to her feet and rushed to the Music Fairy as she came flying to the rescue. Then Melody seized Bass Clef, threw him to the ground and firmly pinned him down underneath his own staff, although he growled and fought and gnashed his teeth with rage.

Then the Music Fairy bade the Treble Clef stand before her while she seated herself upon a great mossy stone that was like a throne of emerald.

"Lady Treble Clef," she said, "you have been cruelly treated by your enemy for many years. Now it is for you to say what punishment shall be dealt to him. What do you desire?"

"Oh, dear Music Fairy!" begged Treble Clef, throwing down her staff and kneeling before the Fairy; "make him my servant so that he must do my bidding for ever, and take away his power so that he will never again be able to harm me again."

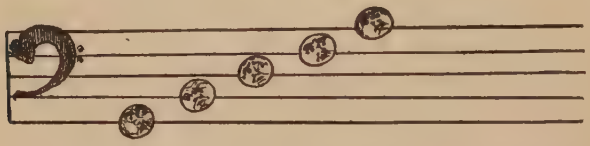
"You shall have your wish," replied the Music Fairy, as she took a heavy iron bar and fastened Bass Clef's staff securely to the one that belonged to Treble Clef. Then she touched Bass Clef with her wand, saying—"Your evil power is taken away from you for ever. Never more can you harm Treble Clef, but you must do her bidding as a punishment for your sins; and as a proof of this command I will restore your eyes to you, but they shall be in the back of your head, for it is a law in Music Land that no one with eyes in the back of his head can harm any one else."

"Gr-r-r-r!" muttered Bass Clef. "Can't I

have any notes at all? I can't possibly be good if I have no notes to growl with!"

At this several of the boldest and fattest whole notes came rolling up in great excitement. "Let us live with Bass Clef!" they begged. "He may not be as bad as he looks."

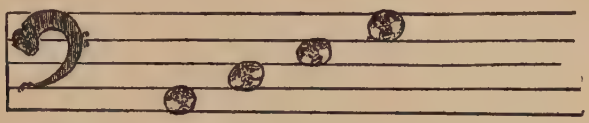
"They cannot be like mine!" cried Treble Clef. "Let his notes begin on G because he is a Great Grim Growling Giant."

"All right!" sang the whole notes cheerfully. "See, here we are on all the lines, and our names are G, B, D, F, A."

"See, here we are, all on the lines and our names are G, B, D, F, A."

"But what are we?" cried four more as they tumbled into the spaces and peered out.

"Why, A. C, E, G, of course!" boomed Bass Clef. "Any one would know that! and I am glad my eyes are in the back of my head because I can watch you better, you naughty notes!" and

he chuckled to himself as he winked both his eyes at Melody.



"A, C, E, G," boomed Bass Clef, as four more tumbled into the spaces.

"Why, Bass Clef isn't so bad!" Melody exclaimed in surprise. "I really believe that when he has lived awhile in Music Land he will be a nice ogre, even if he is hump backed and black, and has only one foot; Treble Clef has only one, now that I think of it."

"He may be all right in his place," chuckled Treble Clef, patting the iron bar that kept them apart, "and I'll see that he is kept where he belongs, you may believe!"

So the Treble and Bass Clefs lived in Music Land for ever afterward and the Bass Clef learned to be a friendly ogre, even if he did sometimes lose his temper and growl like a great black bear; and, while Melody could never like him quite so well as his old friend Treble Clef, still he loved to play with him and make

him sing about his dark cave where the thunder lived. So they were all very happy together, and in my next story you shall hear "How the Notes Learned to Sing."

The Music Fairy was sitting disconsolately at a crystal table with a host of little notes hopping madly about her.

PRINCE MELODY was playing in the garden of his castle one morning when he suddenly thought, "I have not visited the Music Fairy for a long time; I am going to see her this very minute, and I am going by the Scale of C." So he ran quickly up the steps and into the big room where she had often received him before, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"Good morning," said the little bird, "shall I tell you a story?"

"No," cried the Prince, "tell me where my beautiful Music Fairy is!"

"She is busy this morning trying to make a song," replied the bird, "and I know that she will not see you, for she has called in hundreds of her servants, the quarter notes, eighth notes, and even the little sixteenth notes to help her, and they are running about wildly trying to do her bidding; and she has given orders that if any

note disobeys her, she will make a rest of him in the twinkling of an eye!"

"How dreadful!" said the Prince, "but I am bigger than her largest whole note, and I am not afraid of her. Then, too, perhaps I can help her." So he marched boldly through corridor after corridor until he came to a tiny room quite apart from all the rest, and here he found the Fairy sitting disconsolately at a crystal table with a host of little blackfaced notes dancing madly about her trying with might and main to get into the song she was writing. Her crown had fallen on the floor, and a saucy eighth note was perched on her head, while another was whispering in her ear. "Come here, my dear Melody," she cried, "and help me write my song. My notes are difficult to manage today and I am at my wits' end!"

So he climbed upon a stool beside her, and then he saw hundreds of notes dancing over the table, falling over each other, and piling themselves up in wild confusion, in their eagerness to have a place in the song. "This will never do," he said firmly; "too many notes spoil even the

finest piece of music. We must make order at once!" So they made rests of half of them, although they struggled desperately and begged piteously for their lives; then they arranged the others in orderly rows, with strict commands to stay in their places until their names were called.

"Now," said the Fairy, "I wish to make a very simple song, but it must be beautiful, so I will take three notes as a model, and make the whole piece from this one pattern." So she called three eighth notes to her, and they leaped joyfully into a measure and sat down on three lines of the bass staff. Then she called again, and three more ran to the treble staff and arranged themselves opposite their brothers. "Here is my pattern!" she cried triumphantly. "Now where is my magic wand?" She waved it three times and cried, "Eighth notes, to your places!" Then there was a wild scramble for several minutes. All the eighth notes in the room ran helter-skelter and swarmed up the table legs, over the Prince's back, down the chandelier, and into the measures.

"Order!" cried the Prince sternly, and they

sat down hurriedly, six in each measure, the three in the bass staff looking up saucily at their three sisters just above them. Then the Fairy said a magic charm over them, and they instantly became perfectly quiet and immovable as if they were asleep.

"Oh!" cried the Prince, "you have killed the little notes! How could you!" And he burst into tears.

"Do not cry," said the Fairy, "I have not killed them, I have only made them immortal, for now my beautiful piece will never change, and whenever it is played my dear little notes will live again. Listen,"—and she sat down before the piano, and when she played the Prince cried,

"Oh! I see! they are really alive still, only now instead of dancing they are singing; and I can even see the pattern that you used, for every group of three notes seems like one family."

"Yes," said the Fairy, "and I have found a new name for this pattern. I shall call it a Motive; and I shall write many pieces of music like this, with many little motives all joined together, for I think that it is very beautiful."

So all that day Prince Melody made the Piano sing The Song of the Motive. And as soon as he wakened the next morning he said to himself, "I wonder if the Music Fairy will let me help her again today!"

"Yes," chirped the Music Bird, as he flew in at the window. "She is waiting for you in the garden. Come!"—and he perched on Melody's shoulder as he ran quickly down the stairs. Through all the winding paths he sped, until he saw the fairy sitting in a bower of roses reading from a great red book with silver clasps. As he entered she looked up and said,

"Oh! my dear Prince, come quickly and see what a beautiful poem I have found! It is like music, is it not?" When she had read it to the Prince he cried,

"Yes, indeed; the words seem to sing when you say them. Is it not too bad that music cannot be as beautiful as poetry!"

Suddenly there was a whirring sound all around them and the air grew so dark that they were afraid and clung to each other in terror, but in a moment they saw that it was caused by myri-

ads of notes of all kinds that had come flying from every direction on their little black wings; and they were angrily buzzing like a great swarm of bees and crying, "How dare you say that anything is more beautiful than music! Put us into your poem and see! We will make it a thousand times lovelier than it is now!"

Then they heard a rumbling in the distance and a great white whole note came rolling and bumping clumsily along the gravel walk and into the rose arbour, when he bounced up on the table in front of the Fairy, tilted himself on end, and stared impudently at her. "I am greater and more important than any poem," he boomed. "Just think! I am as large as two half notes, four quarters, eight eighths, and sixteen sixteenth notes, to say nothing of thirty second and sixty fourth notes! Can you say that of any piece of poetry that ever was written?" and he swelled up until he looked quite ready to burst with rage; but unfortunately he lost his balance and rolled off the table to the ground below where he collapsed entirely, and shrank and dwindled until he became nothing but a dot.

"See, my children!" cried the Fairy, "that is what comes of too much self-importance. The whole note should have known that he was not very useful in spite of his size, excepting at the end of a piece. But come, let me see how you can make my poem more beautiful." Then there was a cry of joy from the happy little notes; and they dragged up a Treble Clef with her staff, pushed her up to the table and leaped into their places like so many brownies.

"Here! here!" cried prince, "there are too many of you for the words of the poem. One note for every word and no more, remember! and remember, too, that for every line of poetry there must be a line of music—no more, no less." So he seized several handsful of notes of all kinds, and threw them wriggling and squirming into some empty measures that stood near. "Now," he said sternly, "be quiet, and remember that we are not writing a modern symphony, but a song, and if you are rebellious a worse fate than that of the whole note awaits you,—you shall all be tied, with a hold over you!"

When he returned to the table, he gasped in

surprise and joy; for there lay a beautiful song all complete. For every line of poetry there was a line of music, and every word of the poem had a note belonging to it alone. "Oh, play and sing it!" he cried to the fairy; and when she sang, it was as if the poem were alive, and when she played, the music was like a poem.

"Why, it is wonderful!" the prince exclaimed; "the music has lines just like poetry, and they seem almost to rhyme. Can we not find a name for these lines of music?"

"Yes," the little notes sang back, "call us phrases—we like that name; and we always wish to sound like poetry, for poetry sings of beautiful sights and sounds."

"Splendid!" cried the Fairy. "Phrases shall they be for ever. Now let us make another piece of music like a poem. I wonder if the naughty notes will be good now if we let them out?"

So they turned to the empty measures and found the captive notes quarrelling and fighting in a shameful manner. "We do not wish to sing of beautiful things," they shouted. "Let us tell a story of a soldier. We *will* have war." And

they leaped up and down and beat their wings madly on the bars of the measures.

"Will you play fair, and be good phrases?" asked the prince.

"Yes, yes," they cried, "only let us sing a soldier's song." So they leaped out and flew to their places, and behold! in the twinkling of an eye there was a song of a soldier boy, which was so stirring and bold that all the trees clapped their hands, the pebbles on the gravel walk danced in time, and the grass blades waved all their little spears.

"Wait, wait," cried the Prince, "are you good phrases?"

"Yes, yes," they called back, "but we are marching. We cannot break ranks between phrases—we must go on!" So they marched gaily on, singing and waving their flags, until they were lost from sight among the trees.

"How wonderful it is," sighed the fairy. "The little notes can sing a lullaby or a soldier's song and both are equally beautiful. Let us make another song."

So they made many other poem-songs, and the

Piano learned to sing them every one! But one dreadful day the notes were so naughty that Prince Melody wished that he had never been born; and since you have never been naughty in all your life, I will tell you all about it and also How Prince Harmony Came to Music Land.

A herald blew three blasts on a silver trumpet. "Hear ye," he cried, "this is Prince Harmony."

HOW PRINCE HARMONY CAME TO MUSIC LAND

ONE bright morning as Prince Melody was playing on the roof of his castle he heard a fearful commotion in the tower of the Music Fairy. "What can be the matter?" he thought. "It sounds as if all the notes were fighting." Just then a window burst open, and out flew the Music Fairy in great distress. Her crown was awry, her wings were rumpled, and her robe was trailing behind her like a bright pink cloud.

"Dear Melody," she gasped as she alighted on a convenient gargoyle, "I am in dreadful trouble. My scale tones are in revolt and insist on singing all at once instead of one at a time, and you have no idea what a tumult it makes. Do come and see what you can do. Give me your hand,"—and she spread her wings wide like a gorgeous butterfly, and the prince was lifted and carried swiftly through the air to the Music Castle. There they found a scene of wild confusion. On the wall sat Treble

Clef and her staff; but the notes, instead of arranging themselves in an orderly manner, were tumbling all in a heap,—and eight great whole notes had seated themselves on the keyboard of the piano and were singing the tones of the scale of C all together in a most insolent way, and making a fearful discord. The little bird was huddled in the farthest corner with his claws stuffed in his ears to shut out the dreadful din, and he said feebly when he saw Prince Melody, "These scales will be the death of me if they do not sing one note at a time—I *cannot* stand it!"

The prince seized a bar that stood near and beat vigorously on the floor to restore order. "What do you mean by these disgraceful actions?" he cried sternly. "Do you not know that the first law in the realm of melody is 'one note at a time'? Scale of C, you shall be imprisoned in my lowest dungeon," and he strode to the door to call his soldiers. But in from the corridor swarmed all the other scales, armed with their sharps and flats.

"We are tired of your rule," shrieked the scale

of F♯. "It is stupid to sing alone—we *will* sing together!" And they surrounded the poor prince, beating him with their six sharps and shrieking all their notes in his ears at once, until he ran to the window and was about to throw himself out.

Just then a bugle call was heard in the courtyard of the palace and in a moment they saw a glittering company of horsemen riding gallantly behind a tall youth in shining armour mounted on a snow white horse. He drew rein beneath the tower and all his brilliant company surrounded him, while a herald blew three blasts on a silver trumpet and cried: "Hear ye! This is Prince Harmony, who has travelled hither from a far distant country to visit his brother, Prince Melody, in the castle of the Music Fairy."

"You are most welcome," cried the fairy; "enter and receive our greeting." So they dismounted and trooped up the scale ladders, but they stopped at the threshold, aghast at the scene of confusion within.

"Oh, my dear brother!" cried Prince Melody

as he flung himself into the arms of Prince Harmony. "My kingdom is in revolt, and I know not what to do. My scale notes insist on singing all together!"

"Courage!" replied Harmony. "I know a charm that will instantly restore order." So he strode into the room and unfurled a silken banner bearing this motto—

"Greet the Prince of Harmony
By the magic charm of three."

He waved the banner and instantly the room was filled with the sweetest music. The notes were still singing together, but it was no longer discordant,—in fact it was music such as Prince Melody had never heard. Then Prince Harmony cried in a loud voice,

"Triads, triads, haste to me!
Homage give to Harmony,"

and to Prince Melody's astonishment the scales broke themselves up into groups of three notes each, formed into ranks, and marched past Prince Harmony and his escort, singing as they passed. Each note carried its sharp or flat on

its shoulder in the most orderly way; and after they had greeted the prince they filed out of the door and away down the corridors, singing until they were quite out of sight.

When they had disappeared Prince Melody fell upon his brother's neck and cried enthusiastically, "How wonderfully you have helped me, dear brother! but how did you quell this dreadful revolt so quickly?"

Prince Harmony smiled and said, "It is very simple. Notes sometimes grow tired of singing singly, and then it is best to let them sing together; but my magic charm made it impossible for any note to sing with its nearest neighbour. Furthermore it made each note desire above all else to sing with its third and fifth neighbours, and this made a little group which I call a Triad. As long as your notes sing in triads they will make beautiful music."

"That is very wonderful," sighed Prince Melody, "but I see that my reign is over, and that I must leave Music Land. My notes will never sing one at a time for me, now that you have come—they will always wish to be Triads."

Then in the distance they heard a faint sound, like the rushing of millions of tiny feet, and in the twinkling of an eye the room was filled once more with notes, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to be seen and heard. "We do not want Prince Melody to go!" they cried. "We love him—we love both of you. Will you not stay and rule over us together?"

Then the Music Fairy appeared before them, and she enfolded Prince Melody and Prince Harmony lovingly with her wings and said, "I need both of you, for no music is beautiful without Melody, and Melody is made more perfect by Harmony. Little notes, you must sing a song that is so lovely that both princes will wish to remain in Music Land."

So the notes sang a song that was like a beautiful poem, and the Triads came and stood behind their sisters and sang an accompaniment that made the music sweeter than anything that ever was heard before. Then the Music Fairy joined the hands of Prince Melody and Prince Harmony and seated them on two golden

thrones side by side, and together they ruled over Music Land for ever.

Now if I would I could tell you a wonderful thing that happened on the very next day, but the little bird has just whispered in my ear that he will tell to you himself tomorrow—"The True Tale of the Twelve Towers."

Then he clapped his hands and instantly there stood the triads three abreast.

WHEN Prince Melody wakened the next morning he heard a sound of busy feet in the courtyard below, and leaping out of bed he hurried to the window where he saw something that made him run quickly out of his room and down the stairs. "Harmony! Harmony!" he called, "what are you doing with all the notes of the Music Fairy? She will not forgive you if any harm comes to them, for how could she make her songs without them?"

"Do not be alarmed," replied Harmony. "Be patient awhile and I will show you a sight worth seeing. I am going to have a grand review of my triads this morning and I need your help. Call all your scales, dear Melody, for I cannot form the triads without them."

So Melody summoned the Music Bird who was amusing himself by dropping golden pebbles at random into the lines and spaces of a

staff and trying to sing them as if they were notes. "Music is not made in that slip-shod way," he said severely. "Can you not observe even the first laws of Music Land?"

The bird drooped his feathers dejectedly at this reproof and wiped away a tear with his left claw as he murmured, "It sounded exactly as well to me as much of the music I hear nowadays; in fact—"

"Silence!" commanded both the princes in one breath. "No heresy in Music Land, remember! Now fly quickly and bring every one of the scales here in two beats of a metronome!"

Away flew the bird and in less time than it takes to tell it he was back again with the twelve scales trooping after him like soldiers, their sharps and flats glittering brightly in the sun.

"Scale of C!" shouted Prince Melody, and the scale of C wheeled quickly and stood at attention, all its notes in an orderly row. "Scale of G!" and up from the right marched the scale of G with F♯ as its colour bearer. "Scale of D!" and so on, until they were all ranged in orderly ranks, holding high their sharps and flats.

"Here they are, brother," said Prince Melody to Harmony. "Now can you imagine anything more beautiful than all these shining rows of scale notes?"

"Yes," said Harmony proudly. "Wait a moment and see. Attention, Scale Legions!" and he raised aloft a banner with this motto:

"Scales so free,
Haste to me,
Triads build for Harmony."

Then for a moment it seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose for there was a wild scramble in the scale ranks as all the notes ran hither and thither trying to find their places in the triads. The little bird screamed in terror and tried to hide his head under both of his wings at once. The pebbles on the ground scurried away as fast as they could, and even the empty measures that were lying idly in the sun stood on end and beat themselves with their own bars as if they had suddenly gone mad. Prince Harmony leaped to the shoulder of a bass clef that stood near, and cried in a voice like thunder, "Only three notes in each triad, remember!

and each scale note must march with its third and fifth neighbours!" Then he clapped his hands three times, and instantly, as if by magic, there stood the triads, three abreast and eight for each scale, in long, straight, shining ranks, as far as the eye could reach. Such a beautiful sight it was that even the trees bent their heads to look, the flowers opened all their eyes in amazement, and the little bird quite lost his senses and fluttered about as if he were crazy.

"See what *I* have done!" he cried. "This could not have happened if I had not brought the scales from the music castle! Am I not a wise bird?" and there is no telling how much harm he might have done by his silly chatter if Prince Harmony had not taken him firmly by one ear and led him away into the shade of a marcato tree, where he condemned him to stay all day with a whole note sitting on his tail.

"Now," he said briskly when he came back, "we will have our review, but first we must know what to call these triads. Attention! triads of the Scale of C, march and give your names!"

Up sprang the Scale of C, quickly wheeling its

ranks of triads, and passed in an orderly procession before the princes. "I am the Tonic Triad," sang the first one; "I am the most important of all, for I begin and end every piece in my key."

"Good!" exclaimed Harmony; "I proclaim you a Major." And as he touched him with his wand he was clothed in a beautiful red uniform as bright as a flame with a great golden star upon his forehead.

"I am the Supertonic Triad, for I live next to the Tonic," cried the second who was shorter than the first. "May I have a star too?"

"No," said Harmony, "you are so much smaller that I must dub you Minor, even if you have a longer name; but you shall have a new robe," and he was clothed in dazzling white.

"Next!"

And the third triad came past, crying, "My name is Mediant, and I am a little one too—may I have a beautiful white robe?"

"Yes," replied Harmony. "You two may always go hand in hand, for you are of the same

size; but what are these?"—for two tall, splendid youths were bowing before him.

"We are Subdominant and Dominant, your Majesty," they replied. "We are the brothers of Tonic, and love him so dearly that wherever you find him, we are never far away."

"Aha!" exclaimed the prince, "then I suppose you must be majors too; but after all Tonic is first, and you are only fourth and fifth, so I cannot let you be quite as high in rank even if you are of the same size." So he clothed them both in a beautiful red uniform, but instead of the golden star they had a silver one, and away they marched proudly, hand in hand.

"Here comes another minor," said Prince Melody. "What is your name?"

"It is longer than I am," sighed the sixth one. "Submediant am I, my lord."

"But you are a very useful triad, nevertheless," graciously replied the prince as he threw on the mantle of white.

"But look!"—for at the very end of the procession crept a tiny triad all forlorn and weary, dragging its colours on the ground.

"I am smaller than all the rest," he cried fretfully, "but my name is Leadingtone,—such a long, heavy name! and I always feel so restless, as if I belonged nowhere!"

"Courage, my dear child," said Harmony, kindly, "for although you are the smallest of them all you are very dear to me. But you need a patron. How would you like to belong to Tonic, and serve as a guide to lead the other triads to him?"

"That is what I have always longed to do!" cried Leadingtone joyfully, "for I am never so happy as when he is near, and I always want to go to him. Make me his page, dear Harmony!"

So Harmony called the brave Tonic Triad to him and said, "Here is a little companion for you; you must always keep him near you, for he is too weak to travel alone. Be his loyal protector and he will be your faithful page." So the bright, strong Tonic triad took the hand of the Leadingtone and smiled kindly on him while Prince Harmony cried in a loud voice, "Hear, all ye scales, and the triads ye have made. As the scale of C has formed its triads,

so shall all the others do. Tonic, Subdominant, and Dominant shall be majors and you must obey their commands. I hereby proclaim that each scale and its triads shall be one family and I name that Family a Key. Now follow me and I will lead you into your new Kingdom of Keyland."

So he smote the trunk of a giant tree whose branches overhung the tower and it flew open before their very eyes and became a great gateway through which they marched in a gay procession with the two princes at the head. And behold! a sunny open space with twelve towers of gleaming ivory rising in the midst. Great golden doors were swinging wide and a throng of brownies, elves, and sprites poured out with gay cries of greeting.

"We are the fairies of Keyland," they sang as they danced in a circle about the triads and the Princes. "We have built these twelve towers for the twelve keys. Come and live with us, dear Princes. There is room for all."

Then in the distance there was a sound of faint music and a gleam of rosy light which

grew brighter and brighter until they hid their eyes, and suddenly in a burst of song and a great blaze of sunshine there stood the Music Fairy as radiant as the day, and in her hand was a gleaming wand with a star twinkling at its tip.

"Music shall dwell in both castles," she said in a voice that was like a beautiful song. "I hereby proclaim Prince Melody King of all the scales, and Prince Harmony King of all the triads; but both scales and triads shall together live in Keyland, for the music of Keyland can only be made by all of them singing together. Enter," and she graciously waved her hand toward the portal marked "Key of C."

In trooped the Key of C, but stopped aghast at the threshold. "Where are the scale stairways?" it cried in dismay. "How can we keep our ranks without them?"

The fairy smiled. "Have you not noticed," she said, "that only the scale and triads of the Key of C are here? None others can enter this tower without my special permission, so you are free to march in whatever order you like, and to play together as you wish, so long as you do not

quarrel; but each scale note must sing with its own triad, for in this way only can you learn to make beautiful music together. These are the rules of Keyland.

So each Key took possession of its own tower, and there they lived for a year and a day without ever wishing to go away, so many wonderful things did they find within. But one day the whole notes grew restless and ran away from the Key towers to the garden of Prince Melody's castle where they had a royal game all by themselves. And if you will never breathe the secret to a living soul, I will tell you tomorrow How the Whole Notes Learned to Play Leap Frog.

So they seated themselves on the floor with the bird between them and all the holds ranged themselves in a row in front of the princes.

HOW THE WHOLE NOTES LEARNED TO PLAY LEAP FROG

THE two princes were amusing themselves one morning by playing hide and seek on the roof of one of the Key Towers, when suddenly they heard a sound of rushing wings and something like a soft ball of gay feathers flew over the battlements and struck Prince Harmony squarely in the face. He was blinded for an instant and so startled that he staggered to the edge of the tower and nearly fell off, but he saved himself by clinging desperately to a long slur that was hanging on the wall. "Help, help!" he cried, but as Prince Melody rushed to the rescue they saw that it was only the Music Bird in a state of great excitement. He had flown so fast that all his bright feathers stood on end, and his little ruby-coloured eyes danced with glee as he perched on the slur and swung himself to and fro.

"Ha! ha!" he twittered hysterically, "such a

funny—! The whole notes—! Out in the garden—! Oh, sol, la, mi, re, do!—" and he went off into such a gale of merriment that he shook the slur loose and it fell to the stone floor, breaking into a thousand pieces.

Prince Melody picked him up and shook him soundly. "Such a gigglesome, troublesome, meddlesome bird I never saw!" he said impatiently. "Will you never learn to be sensible? See how you have broken that beautiful long slur that I loved to swing in, and all that I can do with it now is to make holds of the pieces. Here! sit down on this whole rest and tell us what you have found is so funny." So they seated themselves on the floor with the bird between them, and all the holds ranged themselves in a row in front of the princes where they looked for all the world like little wondering faces with a single eye.

"Ho, Ho, Ho!" chuckled the bird. "You know that little arbour in the garden where the treble and bass staves live? Well, as I was flying overhead this morning I heard queer noises inside, so I peeped in, and what do you think?

There were dozens of our fattest whole notes, and they were—" but the recollection was too much for him and he choked and chuckled so that he could not say another word but only wagged his head from side to side and rolled his eyes in a most comical way. He was so funny that both princes burst out laughing and even the holds on the floor all turned a somersault in their glee and sat up smiling from ear to ear.

"Let us go and see for ourselves!" exclaimed Melody and Harmony in one breath. "But the Music Bird must stay here, for he would be sure to spoil everything by some silly prank." So they put two holds on his wings, one on his tail and fastened him by a tie to a bar that stood near; then they rushed pell mell down the stairs, through the court, over the bridge and into the garden.

"Hush," whispered Melody as they drew near the arbour, "we must go quietly or they will hear us." So they crept noiselessly from tree to tree until they reached the back of the arbour where they found a tiny hole through which they could look inside. Then, indeed, they saw the fun-

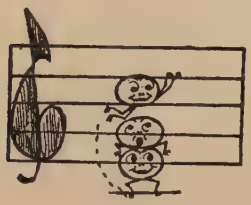
niest sight on earth. There lay two staves with a tall stately Treble Clef and a grim frowning Bass Clef guarding their portals.

They were full of whole notes gambolling clumsily like elephants all over the lines and spaces, although they were so fat that they could hardly move. As the princes looked, three of the largest separated themselves from the others and rolled down to the edge of the staff. "Let us make the triad of C," they boomed. So they tumbled into the staff and sat down on three lines:

They tumbled into the staff and sat down on three lines.

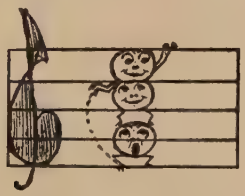
"I do not want to sit on this short line!" cried the lowest note. "Just watch me," and he actually bounded up like a rubber ball over the heads of the others and rolled into a space. "Ha! ha!" he cried, "I was the lowest, but now I

am highest! I am better than all the rest of you!"—and he swelled up in great conceit.



The lowest note bounced up over the heads of the others and rolled into space.

"If you can sit in a space, I can too," cried E, and up he leaped over his two brothers and landed an octave higher.



Up E leaped over his two brothers and landed an octave higher.

Then down they bounced and sat in the first position again:

"Boom!" they cried, "we are wiser than the other notes. We learned to do this game all by

ourselves. See!"—and again they bounded up one at a time so rapidly that the princes winked in amazement.

"That is fine play!" shouted all the other notes at once. "Let us try it too!" and they rolled and tumbled and piled themselves on top of each other in their haste to find a place on the staff.

"It is our turn first," cried E, G, and B all together, but they clumsily leaped too far and fell all in a heap on top of the staff.

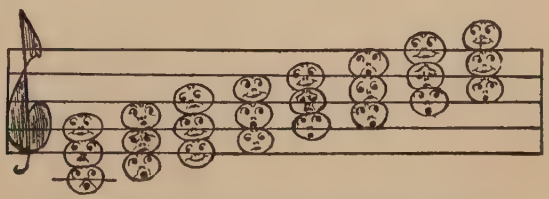
"We can do much better than that," shouted F, A, C. "You jumped too far—we will be more careful." But alas, they were too cautious, and did not get into the staff at all, but tumbled ingloriously underneath it.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed G, B and D. "Just watch us, for we shall sit down squarely in the middle of the staff." But they were too confident and slipped into the spaces and were lost from sight entirely underneath the staff.

Then there was a general riot, for all the notes rushed about, and piled themselves up in such a disorderly heap that Prince Harmony said to

Melody, "This will never do! It is high time that we were taking a hand in this game." So they strode in; and when the notes saw them they nearly died of fright. Some hid underneath the staves, some concealed themselves behind the clefs, and all the others tumbled into the nearest space they could find and sat down hurriedly trying hard not to look guilty.

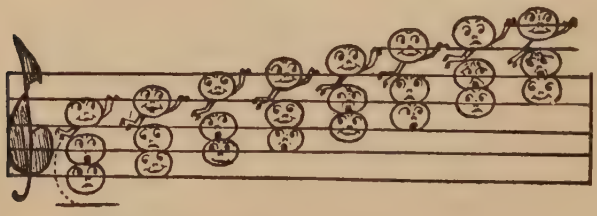
"I ought to punish you for leaving the Key-tower without permission," said Prince Harmony, trying hard not to smile, and speaking as sternly as he could, "but I will forgive you this time, for I was just about to teach you this very game that you have discovered for yourselves. So come, make good triads of yourselves and sit down on the staff in a scale row and I will show all of you how to play it."



The notes rolled out from their hiding places and bounded up into the staff where they arranged themselves in orderly rows.

"Boom! Zoom! Wee!" cried the notes in great joy and out from their hiding places they rolled and bounded up into the staff, where they arranged themselves in orderly rows in less time than it takes to tell it.

"Good!" said Harmony briskly. "Now this is a game in which triads are very apt to forget their names and where they live, so before we go any farther here are some letters for you," and he pinned on the lowest note of the first triad a blue cockade bearing the letter C. The lowest note of the next one was named D, the next E, and so on until the end was reached. "These are your names," he said. "Now as long as you sit in this first position your numbers are $\frac{5}{3}$ and it is the rule of the game that the two upper

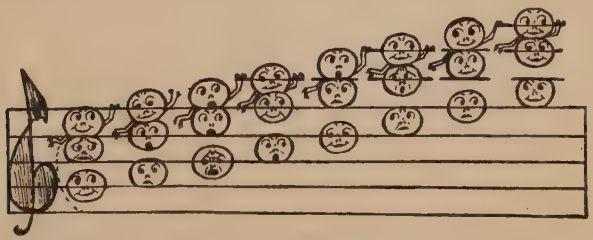


Again the lowest notes bounded over the others and rolled into their places an octave higher.

notes must sit still and let the lowest one jump over their heads. All ready? Presto! Allegro! Conspirito!" and up sailed the lowest note of each triad and landed neatly just an octave higher.

"But, brother," protested Prince Melody, "this new position makes the triads look quite different. They seem larger, and they sit farther apart."

"Do you not see," replied Harmony, "that the notes are the same in both positions? It is really the same triad, only the lowest note sits an octave higher. We will number these new positions $\frac{6}{3}$—remember your numbers, triads! Now, once more!" and he clapped his hands, and again the lowest notes bounded over the

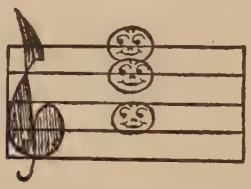


Up sailed the lowest note of each triad and landed neatly just an octave higher.

others and rolled into their places an octave higher.

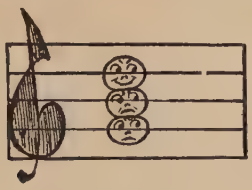
"Bravo!" cried Prince Melody gleefully; "let me number these! You shall be $\frac{6}{4}$—remember. Now let us have a grand romp. I am going to call you by numbers and by your letter name. D $\frac{6}{4}$, come to me!"

There was an instant's hesitation, for the triads were new at this game, but in a moment there stood this triad:



"D $\frac{6}{4}$, come to me," cried Prince Melody. In a moment there stood this triad.

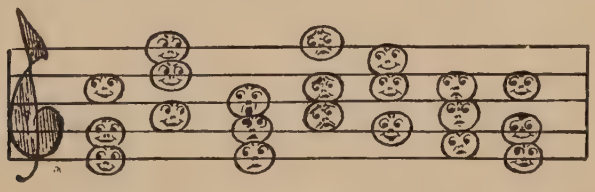
"G $\frac{5}{3}$," called Harmony, and out rolled this one and stood at attention:



"G $\frac{5}{3}$," called Harmony, and out this one stood at attention.

"Why, these triads know more than I do!" he exclaimed; "how have they learned their numbers so quickly?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the notes. "We are wise, we are! Now *we* will play a game!" So half of them dropped out of the staves and the rest sat down haphazard, like this:



Half the notes dropped out of the staves and the rest sat down haphazard like this.

"Now," they sang, "*we* know our names and numbers, but *you* can't guess them!" and they rolled about so gleefully that Prince Melody quite lost his temper.

"I *will* guess them!" he cried. "The first is G $\frac{5}{3}$."

"Wrong!" they shouted all together. "Ha! Ha! Boom! Boom! We are wiser than you!"

"The second is F $\frac{6}{4}$!" cried the Prince.

"Wrong again," they laughed gleefully, wagging their heads at him.

"D $\frac{5}{3}$."

"No!!! No!"

"A $\frac{6}{3}$"—but at this the notes lost all control of themselves in their delight and bounded up and down shrieking, "Ha! Ha! the brave Prince Melody! He does not even know that this triad is D $\frac{6}{4}$. Boom! Lala!" and they even jumped out of the staff and rolled all around the poor prince, bumping against his head and into his eyes and ears like so many rubber balls.

"Oh!" cried Prince Melody in despair, "I cannot stand this!" and he burst into tears and rushed blindly out of the arbour while the notes

jumped up and down and shouted derisively at him.

Just then there was a flutter and a chirp and an angry whirring of bright wings and in flew the Music Bird in a towering rage with the holds still clinging to his wings and the tie dragging from one foot. "Z-z-z-z!" he buzzed as he shot like an arrow into the arbour. "How dare you treat our dear Prince Melody like this! I'll teach you"—and he darted hither and thither like a bright red flame, giving each note a furious peck with his long, pointed bill and fluttering his angry little wings in their faces until they rolled back to their places in terror and begged for mercy. "Z-z-z-z-z!" he buzzed. "You bad, wicked whole notes! I'll do worse next time!" And he darted out of the arbour and alighted on Melody's shoulder. "I'll tell you the secret of this game," he whispered. "Just watch the blue cockade and that will show you the name of each triad, and count every line and space from the lowest note up to each of the others and that will give you the right number."

The prince ran back into the arbour. "Your

name is C," he cried to the first triad. "One, two, three, from E to G, and one, two, three, four, five, six from E to C. Your number is $\frac{6}{3}$. And you are D $\frac{6}{4}$"—to the second, "and you are E $\frac{5}{3}$"—to the third. "Ha! Ha! you are not so much wiser than I, after all!" and he snapped his fingers in the faces of the triads who looked very crestfallen because he had guessed their secret so soon.

"Do not quarrel," said Prince Harmony soothingly, "for now we can have endless games together. Let us all go to the Key Tower, for there is a wonderful room in it built especially for us to play in."

So they marched to the tower of the Key of C, with all the whole notes rolling and bumping after them, and the Music Bird flying in gay circles above their heads, and there they found the playroom of the triads where they spent many jolly hours together. Prince Melody grew so friendly with the triads that whenever he called one by number it instantly appeared

before him like a little brownie; but he loved best of all the two games that he learned in the staff arbour; and he would never have tired of playing them if Harmony had not told him a story one day about strange lands and people such as he had never seen before. This excited him so much that he wished to go with Harmony on a journey; and if you tried a thousand years you could never guess all the marvellous things they saw. So I shall have to tell you all about them in my next story, "The Strange Adventures of Prince Melody and the Time Giants."

THE MUSIC FAIRY WAS TEACHING HER EIGHTH NOTES HOW TO TURN THEIR FLAGS INTO BARS WHEN THEY WALKED TWO ABREAST

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE MELODY AND THE TIME GIANTS

"I HAD such a strange dream last night," said Prince Melody to Harmony one morning. "I seemed to be in a country that I had never seen before, with great rocks and high cliffs all around me. I climbed to the top of one of them and then I could see a plain with a castle like this, but instead of being of beautiful white ivory, it was of black marble and there was no sunshine anywhere, but the sky was so grey and sad that it made me cry. I tried to run away but I felt as if my feet were of lead and I woke up in a great fright. Tell me, Harmony, are there other countries that I have never seen? I thought that Music Land was the whole world."

Harmony came close and whispered with an air of great mystery—"Yes, brother, Music Land *is* the whole world, but it has many provinces that you have never dreamed of. There

are the mountains where the Arpeggios live; and in a valley at the foot of these mountains is a dark forest of pine trees with their tops always swaying to and fro. Away up in these treetops lives the Chromatic Scale, and you can always hear him singing on dark, windy nights; but when day breaks, down he flies on the very first sunbeam and hides in a little brook that comes hurrying down the mountainside. All day long he stays there, singing softly to himself and talking with the Trills who live in the throats of all the birds of that region. Then in the very centre of the mountain is a cavern where Crescendo and Diminuendo live. But strangest of all"—and he crept closer—"is the Metronome Castle, where the Time Giants live—"

But suddenly he found himself alone. Prince Melody had left him and was flying as fast as his feet could carry him to the tower of the Music Fairy. He rushed through corridor after corridor calling her name and finally found her in the note room quietly teaching her eighth notes how to turn their flags into bars when they walked two abreast.

"Dear Fairy," he cried, bursting in so violently that he scattered all the notes right and left, "I want to see the Metronome Castle and the Crescendo Cavern, and the mountains where the Arpeggios live. Let me go on a journey. I must!"—but he sank down at her feet quite out of breath.

She smiled as she raised him gently and seated him by her side. "Are you strong and brave enough to go away from the Octave Castle where you have always lived?" she asked. "Remember, there are dangers even in Music Land. There is the Discord Dragon, who dwells in the Cave of the False Notes; there is the terrible Glissando bird who lives in the Bravoura tree; and if he should swoop down on you with his hundred wings nobody would ever see our dear Melody again! There are—"

"I do not care!" cried the Prince; "I want to go, for I shall love my own castle so much better when I have seen all the rest of Music Land. But let Harmony go with me, dear Fairy, for he knows the way!"

So the Music Fairy called both princes to her

and said a magic charm over them. "This will protect you from the Glissando bird," she said, "and here in this silver sheath is a talisman which will slay the Discord Dragon if you chance to meet him. If the Arpeggios try to harm you put them quickly into these measures. And now I will give you a mission. Far from here, on the very borders of Music Land, dwell the Minor Scales with their Triads. Find them, bring them home to me, and we shall all live happily here for ever afterward."

So the two princes started boldly on their adventure, and on the first day they entered a great flowering plain where the Folk Songs live.

"Prince Melody is here!" they cried when they saw the prince approaching, and from all sides dear little people came running and clapping their hands with joy because their beloved prince was passing through their country.

"Oh, come and live with us for ever!" they cried; "we will feed you on honey and let you lie on a bed of daisies. We will sing to you all day long and our cousins, the Folk Dances, shall

dance for you all night. Oh, stay with us and be our king, dear Melody."

"I am always with you, even when you cannot see me," graciously replied Melody, "for not even the simplest song can live a moment without me. But now I am going on a mission for the Music Fairy. I must find the Minor Scales. Can you tell me where they live?"

"Yes, we know the Minor Scales!" cried the Folk Songs; "they often visit us and sing with us, although they live so far away. We will guide you through our land and show you the path you must take." So they lifted Prince Melody to their shoulders and formed a brave procession with songs and gay music, and to the very borders of their land they carried him and set him down at the edge of a deep forest. "This is the Forest of the Chromatic Scale," they cried. "Do you not hear him singing in the treetops? Follow this path and it will lead you straight to the Metronome Castle, which is half way to the land of the Minor Scales. Adieu, dear Melody; come back to us soon!"

The two princes waved a gay farewell to their

good little friends, and ran quickly down the forest path that opened before them as straight as an arrow. "How bright the sun is!" cried Harmony, "and see! the brook! I wonder if the Chromatic Scale has come down yet! Yes! I hear him singing to himself! Listen!" and sure enough, by lying down on the bank and keeping very quiet they could hear him softly singing the prettiest little song in all the world, although they could not see him to save their lives.

"Hark!" whispered Melody, "the birds! Hear the Trills singing in their throats! Oh, was there ever anything in the world so lovely as this place! Let us stay here all day, dear brother!"

"But if we do that, we shall never reach the Metronome Castle before nightfall," said Harmony. So they sprang up to continue their journey, but lo! in that very instant the forest was gone and in its place rose before them a dark mountain like a great wall. There was no path, —nothing but high frowning cliffs as smooth as glass and as black as ink.

"Brother," whispered Melody, "what is this? I am afraid —let us go back to the land of the Folk Songs." But when they turned they found themselves on the edge of a great precipice, so high that when they peered fearfully over it they could not see the bottom at all.

"We must go on!" said Harmony firmly. "Come there must be a path somewhere. But look!"—for high up on the cliff stood a strange creature such as they had never seen before, with three legs all in a row, three great round feet, and no head at all.

On the cliff stood a strange creature with 3 legs and 3 great round feet. "That must be an arpeggio," whispered Harmony.

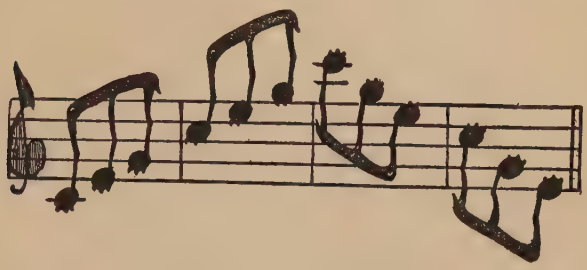
"That must be an Arpeggio," whispered Harmony. "See! it is coming down!"

"Ho! ho! he! he! ha! ha! he! he! ho! ho! ha! ha!" they heard in a queer wheezy grunting voice as the creature came lumbering down the mountain. "Ha! Ha! He! He! Ho! Ho!—I am—an Ar—peggio!" and he plumped down on the rock where Prince Harmony stood and began to gambol clumsily around him and rub against him like a great hairy dog.

"You are a strange animal!" said Harmony, sitting down on his back and patting his rough coat, which pleased him so much that he lay down on the ground and waved his feet in the air in the strangest way.

"See! the mountain is full of them!" cried Melody, and before they knew it they were completely surrounded by these strange creatures, who leaped on them in their rough play until they were nearly smothered. "Help! help! they are stifling me!" cried Melody; and there is no telling what might have happened next if Harmony had not thought of the measures which he carried on his back. In a trice he had snatched them off and thrown them on the ground. Then he seized the Arpeggios one by one and by main

force threw them into the measures, locked them in and set a Treble Clef to guard them. "Now!" he said sternly, "stay there until I let



He seized the arpeggios one by one and threw them into the measures, locked them in and set a treble clef to guard them.

you out! Come, Melody"—as he lifted him to his feet, "see this little hole in the cliff! I wonder if that is not the Crescendo Cavern,—let us go in and see." So they squeezed through it and found themselves in a long cave that went straight through the mountain from one side to the other.

"Good morning, Prince Melody," piped a little voice at their feet, and looking down they saw a tiny figure no larger than a thirty-second note with a little pointed red cap, and red shoes

that turned up at the toes. "I am Crescendo, at your service!" he piped, bobbing such a ridiculous curtsey that the Prince had much ado to keep from laughing. "I will lead you half of the way and my brother, Diminuendo, will do the rest." So they started out boldly with Crescendo hopping along nimbly by their side and singing as he went; and as the cavern opened higher and higher before them Crescendo grew larger also until he was as tall as a giant, and seemed to fill the entire cave. He sang louder and louder, too, until they had to cover their ears.

Then suddenly another giant arose out of the ground and loomed up before them. "I am Diminuendo!" he roared in a voice like thunder. "Just follow me"—and he ran toward the other end of the cavern singing at the top of his voice. But lo! he shrank and shrank before their very eyes until they could hardly see him at all, and when they left him at the mouth of the cave he was not even as large as a sixty-fourth note, while his voice had dwindled to a whisper. Finally he faded away altogether until nothing

but his name was left, whispering itself over and over in their ears, and then that, too, was gone, and all they could see was the tiny hole through which they had come.

"Look, Harmony!" cried Melody in great excitement. "What is that great castle with the pointed tower and the big clock? and see all the people on horseback, and hear the bugles blowing! Oh, come!" and he started to run toward a tall splendid knight in silver armour, who was galloping across the plain on a great black horse. But in an instant the horseman wheeled and deftly caught up both princes and put them in front of him on his horse and off they rode like a whirlwind toward the castle.

"Do not be afraid," said the knight with a smile, as he held them tightly in his arms; "I am Allegro, the King of the Time Giants and the Prince of the Metronome Castle. We have been expecting you for a long time and there is to be a grand feast in your honour tonight, for we are glad to have you with us. Here we are at the Castle!" and he drew rein so suddenly that his horse reared and plunged while the

sparks flew from his hoofs like a shower of stars. Springing lightly to the ground he lifted the princes quickly down, and looked at them with such a bright, cheery, shining face that without quite knowing why they felt happier than they ever had been in all their lives. "First of all," he said briskly, "you must see the other Time Giants," and he beckoned to a gay little figure in red that came flying to him as swiftly as an arrow.

"This is Con Spirito, my page," he said. "He will show you all the sights of the Castle, but you will have to run to keep up with him, for he is very lively." So they started out gaily with Con Spirito dancing like a sunbeam beside them, and first they met a soldier with a great musket held stiffly at his side, marching along sturdily in front of the Castle with such a serious, important air that the princes could not help laughing. "This is Moderato," whispered Con Spirito, making a face at him behind his back. "He always marches just like this and you cannot make him go a bit faster, even when you steal up behind him and prod him with this"—

drawing a tiny lance from its rest on his shoulder. "I make fun of him every day and try to tease him, but he never pays any attention, and just goes on marching up and down like a stick. Come," and he pulled them briskly on toward the garden, where they saw a beautiful lady sitting in a rose arbour, singing her baby to sleep. "This is Andante, and her baby Andantino," said the page. "She is always like this, very quiet and rather sad, and every evening at twilight she loves to come here and sing. But here comes Adagio!" for at the end of one of the garden paths appeared a tall figure in a black cassock. "He is our dear priest," whispered the page, reverently crossing himself. "We all love him, for he is always so calm and kind. He must be going to visit Largo. Let us go with him." So Adagio took the hand of Melody and Harmony and smiled kindly on them, and they all went into the castle and up a winding staircase to a room at the very top of a high tower, with windows all around it, looking out over the plain.

There they found an old, old man with hair

as white as snow, who rose as they entered and came to meet them, walking very slowly and leaning on his staff. "I am Largo," he said in a voice that was like organ music, it was so rich and deep. "I am the oldest of all the Time Giants, and I have known you, Prince Melody, and you, Prince Harmony, ever since you were born. You are welcome here"—and he placed his hands on their heads and looked lovingly at them.

Melody threw himself into the arms of the old man, crying, "Oh, my dear Largo, I love you and I want to stay with you for ever"—but just at that moment a great bell boomed in the distance.

"Oh, my beats and measures," cried Con Spirito, jumping up in a great hurry. "That is the Metronome bell, and it means that if we are not down in the banquet hall before Allegro can count four, he will make me march with Moderato all day tomorrow. Come!" and he was off like lightning with the two Princes running to keep up with him. They hurried down the winding stairs, Con Spirito dancing lightly before them, and a wonderful feast was spread in

the great hall, where Allegro, with Allegretto, his wife, sat at the head of the table; and afterward Prince Allegro commanded Con Spirito to bring the two clowns, Vivace and Presto, to dance for them. In they came—the jolliest little figures you ever saw, with comical pointed faces, merry twinkling eyes and feet that could not keep still a single moment. Con Spirito played the tambourine, and they danced until the little silver bells on their heels rang and rang again. The Princes were so excited that they clapped their hands in glee and sprang up to join them; but just then, when the fun was at its height, Andante came softly in and laid her hand gently on Melody's head.

"Come with me, dear child," she said in a voice that was like a sweet song. "You are weary from your journey—let me sing to you!" So she led him to a divan that was made of a single whole rest, and as he sank down on it she seated herself by his side and began to sing. Such beautiful music it was that he closed his eyes so that he might enjoy it better and instantly he was in the most beautiful place that he had ever

dreamed of. It was so lovely that I cannot begin to tell you about it, but I can promise you that if you close your eyes very tightly after you go to bed tonight in a few minutes you will hear the song that Andante sang to Prince Melody and then in another moment you will be in the very same place that he saw; and tomorrow I will tell you—"HOW PRINCE HARMONY SLEW THE DISCORD DRAGON."

THO THE ROARING OF THE DISCORD DRAGON FILLED THE WHOLE WORLD, HARMONY KILLED HIM WITH ONE THRUST OF THE MAGIC SWORD

HOW PRINCE HARMONY SLEW THE DISCORD DRAGON

MELODY rubbed his eyes sleepily and looked around him as he sat up. "Harmony, Harmony!" he cried, tugging at Harmony's sleeve. "Wake up and tell me where we are. Where is the Metronome Castle, and where have Prince Allegro and all the other Time Giants gone? *Do* wake up, Harmony!"

Harmony opened one eye and saw something that made him jump up, broad awake in an instant. "Ye Scales and Triads!" he gasped, looking about him in amazement and pinching Melody to be sure that he was awake. "I dreamed that Prince Allegro carried us away on his big black horse and left us in the top of the Bravoura tree, but I never thought that it was really true. Be careful, Melody, that branch will break if you swing on it too hard."

"One—two—three! here are we!
In the Bra———voura tree!"

sang Melody, gleefully. "See how high it is! My head almost touches the sky. And look! Harmony, the leaves and branches sparkle like diamonds and this blossom is as red as a ruby."

"That one is blue like a sapphire; and here is one like a piece of pink coral," cried Harmony. "Let us pick all we can reach and take them home to the Music Fairy. Perhaps she will let us make them into a new crown for her."

So they set busily to work, filling their pockets with the beautiful blossoms, when suddenly there was a whirr and a whizz far above them and a giant bird darted down like an arrow and lighted on the topmost branch of the tree.

"B-z-z-z-z! B-r-r-r-r-r! B-r-r-e-e-e! how dare you come into my tree!" he screamed, while the two princes hid behind a big branch and peered out fearfully at him; and he ruffled up all his feathers and sharpened his beak and claws in a most bloodthirsty way, while his great green eyes darted lightnings at them.

"Oh, Harmony!" whispered Melody in great terror, "it is the Glissando bird, and he will kill us! Oh, what shall we do!"

"Pooh!" cried Harmony, "he cannot harm us a single bit—do you not remember the magic charm that the Music Fairy said over us? Watch me," and he rushed up to the great bird and pulled out a whole handful of his tail-feathers, which astonished him so much that all the rest of his feathers dropped off too, and he could only sit stupidly staring up at the prince with his mouth wide open and his eyes almost starting out of his head.

"Ha! ha!" shouted both princes—for indeed it was the funniest sight you ever saw; and they ran and sat boldly down on his back. "Now take us down to the ground quicker than a wink," cried Melody. "One—two—three!" Fly!"—and down they darted like lightning toward the earth that lay so far below them that it looked like a tiny black speck. "Accelerando! Stringendo!" shouted Harmony, and faster and faster they flew until the green fields below seemed rushing up to meet them. "Ritard! rallentando!" gasped Melody, as they came nearer and the great bird obediently flew slower and slower until he finally set them gently down at the edge

of a great plain. "That was a glorious ride!" cried both princes, jumping down and patting Glissando on the back. "Here, you may have your feathers again; now good-bye," and like a flash he was gone, and in an instant all they could see of him was a bright speck far away against the sky.

"This must be the Valley of False Notes!" said Melody, looking about him. "See how narrow and crooked the path is and there are such deep holes on all sides. I am afraid!"

"Those are the False Notes, and if you fall into one—!" said Harmony darkly. "But we shall be quite safe if we only go slowly. Look for the white stepping stones—see, they make a path straight through the valley!" So they joined hands and picked their way along very carefully, until they had almost reached the other side.

"Look, dear Harmony!" said Melody joyfully, "we are almost through this dreadful place! Oh, I am so glad!" and he clapped his hands joyfully! but alas! in that very moment he stumbled on a sharp and fell head long into

one of the deepest holes. Instantly a great yawning chasm opened in the ground and swallowed him up entirely, while Harmony stood helplessly on the edge, wringing his hands and crying bitterly.

"Oh, what shall I do! Melody! Melody!" he called, peering down into the black gulf, but the only reply was a fearful roar that made his very blood turn cold, and in the darkness he saw darting flames and something like a great crawling shape. "The Discord Dragon!" he whispered, starting back in horror. "Oh, Melody! Melody! I shall never see you again!" and he threw himself on the ground in despair. But as he fell his hand touched something hard in the folds of his tunic. "What is this?" as he drew out a long silver sheath. "Oh! it is the talisman that the Music Fairy gave me!" he cried joyfully, pressing a spring in the lid, and lo! there leaped out a shining sword with its hilt covered with gems, and its point blazing like the sun.

"Take me!" it sang as it whirled in a fiery circle about his head. "The Spirit of Music

lives in me; and in your hands I can slay the Discord Dragon! Come!"

So Harmony seized him and plunged into the cavern; and though the roaring of the dragon filled the whole world, and though he breathed smoke and fire from his nostrils, Harmony killed him with one blow of the magic sword, and cut off all of his heads. Then he seized Melody by the hand and together they rushed out of the cave and up into the light—when behold! the Valley of False Notes was gone and in its place was a beautiful meadow full of sunshine and flowers. In every place where a False Note had been, there stood a beautiful fairy with a golden crown, and as the princes passed along they threw their crowns at Harmony's feet and sang:

"The Discord Dragon is dead! Long Live Prince Harmony and Melody, his brother!"

"There are no more False Notes, brother!" cried Melody, dancing in his glee. "Let us call this the Valley of Sweet Sounds, and live here for ever. The sun is so bright and the fairies sing so sweetly!"

"Have you forgotten our mission?" said Har-

mony reproachfully. "Come, we must not linger here, we must cross this river, and then—" but suddenly a thick cloud enveloped them; and when it cleared away, there they stood under a dark, cloudy sky before a great black tower, with twelve staircases leading up its sides.

"The Minor Scale Tower, with its Twelve Stairs. At last we have found it," cried Melody joyously, and in the twinkling of an eye both princes ran as fast as their feet could carry them and began to climb the first staircase which was marked "Scale of C." "Mind your half steps!" cried Melody. "Here is one between two and three—how strange!"

"Here is another between five and six!" exclaimed Harmony. "But what is this!" for they came to a step so high and large that they could not possibly climb it.

"What shall we do!" Melody exclaimed. "I never in my life saw such a large step! I don't like the Minor Scales a bit!"

"Do not be discouraged so soon," laughed Harmony. "Here, climb on my shoulders and you can reach and then you can pull me up after

you." So Prince Melody stood on Harmony's shoulders and by the greatest effort he was able to reach the next step.

"That is a step and a half!" Harmony said breathlessly as he scrambled up, too. "I'm glad that there is only a half step between seven and eight, for I really could not climb a whole one! But let us go inside." They found themselves in a large room without windows or doors, lighted only by small crevices high up in the walls.

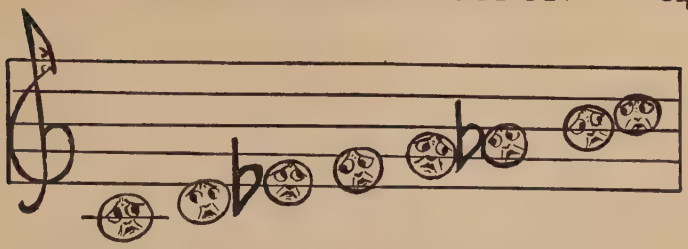
"Here is the scale picture and a Treble Clef!" cried Melody; "where are my whole notes? I want to make the scale of C Minor."

"Here!" answered a sleepy voice, and out from a corner tumbled eight whole notes, and rolled lazily up the wall and into the picture.

"You need us too," cried two little voices so near the prince's ear that he jumped; and two flats flew into the picture and sat down before E and A.

"But why are you necessary?" protested the prince. "I never saw you in the scale of C before!"

"To make the half steps come in the right



Two flats flew into the picture and sat down before E and A. "But why are you necessary?" protested the Prince. "To make the half steps come in the right places," they sang back.

places, stupid!" they sang back. "Just number us and you will understand!"

"Let me see!" said the prince. "There was a half step between two and three—why of course I need E flat there!—then there was one between five and six—yes, I need A flat too! Oh, look, Harmony! from A flat to B makes that step and a half that we had so much trouble with! and from B to C is a half step just as it is in the Major Scales!"

"Let me play it!" cried Harmony, very much excited. "C, D, E flat, F, G, A flat, B, C! What a queer scale! It sounds wrong! It is not a bit like the scales at home."

"We are all like that," wailed a chorus of voices. "We are the Minor Scales!" and as the

princes turned in amazement they saw the room full of forlorn little figures dressed in grey.

"I am so sad!" sang the scale of A minor. "I am a poor orphan child!"

"I always feel as if it were a dark, rainy day," sobbed the scale of C♯ minor.

"I love to go to funerals!" wailed the scale of C Minor; and at that all the minor scales joined hands and circled around the two princes, singing a song that was so mournful that both Melody and Harmony burst into tears and rushed out of the tower.

"Harmony! Harmony!" cried Melody, "I cannot stand this! I feel as if I were going to die!"

"Let me see what I can do with them," replied Harmony. "Perhaps if I give them the message of the Music Fairy they will feel more cheerful. But what is this—?" for the queerest bird you ever saw was circling above their heads, and as he spoke it flopped clumsily down on the ground before him.

"I am the music bird of Minor Keyland," he croaked. "Look at my beautiful black feathers!

and see how nicely my tail droops! and did you ever see a bird before who could weep black tears?"

"Ugh!" said Melody, "I wish *my* Music Bird were here—he'd make you wish you had never been born! His feathers are bright like the sun, and he is always gay—but *you!*"—and he pushed the bird peevishly away.

"Do not be so cross!" said Harmony, "for we need him, disagreeable as he is. Go to the castle,"—to the bird, "and bring the scales here quickly"—and away flapped the queer creature, croaking dismally as he went.

"Attention, all ye Minor Scales!" said Harmony, when the forlorn little scales had assembled before him. "The Music Fairy has proclaimed that henceforth the Major and the Minor Scales shall together live in her realm of Keyland. We have journeyed far and long to bring you these tidings; now follow us and we will lead you to your queen."

So all the Minor Scales and their Triads formed in a great procession and marched with Prince Harmony and Prince Melody through

the Valley of Sweet Sounds, past the Metronome Castle, through the Crescendo Cavern, into the Land of the Folk Songs, and to the realm of the Major Keys; but how they were greeted by the Music Fairy and Major Scales is quite another story which you shall soon hear, together with the true history of How the Minor Scales Learned to Laugh.

Prince Melody tumbled into a big brace and sat up laughing. "See how you have astonished the minor scales," said Harmony.

"I AM so tired, dear brother!" sighed Melody as he toiled up a steep hill. "Are we never coming to the end of our journey? These Minor Scales will be the death of me yet, with their constant grumbling, and I hate that great, flapping black bird,—he always makes me want to cry!"

"Alas! alas!" sobbed the Minor Scales. "We are so sad. We want to go back to our beautiful grey tower, where it is so nice and dark, and where the sun never shines." And they all sat down on the ground and howled so dolefully that Harmony burst out laughing in spite of himself.

"Melody! Melody! I am ashamed of you," said he, shaking one finger at his brother. "When you frown so crossly you look exactly like a Minor Scale; and if you don't stop being so fretful I am afraid you will turn into one. Come, now! cheer up, and be like one of our

own dear Major Scales, for you never can guess what is just on the other side of this hill."

"What is it?" Melody asked breathlessly, jumping up and seizing both Harmony's hands; but Harmony only shook his head and looked at him with such a bright smile and such a merry twinkle in his eye, that the prince quite forgot that he was weary and scrambled to the top of the hill faster than even Con Spirito could have done it.

"Oh, look! look!" he cried, jumping up and down, and clapping his hands. "My castle and the twelve towers of Keyland! At last we are home again!" and he turned a double somersault in his joy as he started to run down the hill. In his eagerness, however, he tried to go faster than his feet would carry him and fell headlong, rolling over and over as if he would never stop: and he might have been rolling yet if a big brace had not been lying at the very foot of the hill. Into it he tumbled head over heels and sat up rubbing his eyes and laughing as hard as he could.

"If that is the way you travel we ought to

have brought the Glissando bird with us," chuckled Harmony as he picked up his brother and brushed the dust off. "See how you have astonished the Minor Scales! I am afraid they will never get over it!"

Sure enough, there stood the Minor Scales all in a row holding each other's hands and staring solemnly at Prince Melody with eyes and mouths wide open in amazement. "We never go as fast as you did!" they gasped—"We never *saw* any one roll over and over like that before. Do you like to do it! and if you do, why do you like to? and if you don't, why do you do it?"

"Oh, Moderato!" cried Melody peevishly, while Harmony choked and chuckled so that he had to hide behind a tree to laugh as much as he wanted to. "Don't you *ever* play in Minor Keyland? and don't you know how to laugh at all?"

"Play! Laugh! what strange words! What can they mean?" replied the Minor Scales, shaking their heads and looking doubtfully at each other, while the black bird flapped to the ground and sat down heavily on one end of the brace.

"*We* take life seriously!" he croaked, ruffling

up all his feathers in a very pompous way. "We believe in dignity and repose of manner—" but just then Melody slyly stole up behind him and tweaked his tail so that he quite lost his balance and fell off the brace with an astonished squawk.

"Ha! ha!" shouted both princes as they saw him lying on his back, wildly waving his claws in the air. "That position is very dignified indeed and it shows great repose of manner. Just lie there as long as you wish to; but *we* are going to see the Music Fairy and all the Major Scales. Come!"—and off they started gaily toward the castle which they could just see through the trees.

"Whr-r-r-r-r! Whiz-z-z-z!—Cheep!" said a little voice in their ears; and the Music Bird darted like a bright red flame to meet them, circling swiftly around their heads as if he were almost beside himself with delight.

"Prince Melody is here! Prince Harmony has come back!" he sang, flying like an arrow to the Key-towers, and instantly all the Major Keys rushed out to greet the princes, casting flowers

at their feet, singing gay songs of greeting, and dancing about them quite mad with joy.

"Welcome home!" cried all the scales, as they thronged about Melody. "We have been so lonely without you: for not one song could we sing while you were away."

"Welcome home!" sang the triads to Harmony. "We have missed you so much that we have almost forgotten our own names!"

"Oh, my dear scales and triads," cried both princes in one breath. "How good it is to see you again, and to be safe once more in our own Keyland. But where is the Music Fairy? Come! lead us to her." So the scales danced in a gay circle about the princes, while the triads formed in ranks and marched like soldiers before them; and they were well on the way to the tower of the Music Fairy when suddenly there was a fearful commotion in the wood that they had left behind them.

"Z-z-z-z-z! b-r-r-r! zip!!!!"

"C-r-r-r-r-r-c-k! G-r-r-r-aw!" they heard, and down from a tree flopped a heavy black shape, with a bright little form darting all around it

furiously pecking it with his long sharp beak. "I'll teach you repose of manner!" screamed the Music Bird, quite out of his senses with rage. "I'll pull out every one of your ugly feathers," —and down he swooped like lightning, while a cloud of black feathers began to fly in all directions. "Oh, he will kill our beautiful black bird!" wailed the Minor Scales, wringing their hands helplessly; and no one knows what might have happened next if Melody had not rushed to the rescue and pulled them violently apart.

"Shame on you!" he exclaimed, shaking them both soundly, "what do you mean by fighting in this disgraceful way! Here!"—as he thrust one into a tie and the other into a slur, locked them in and set them opposite each other. "Now I shall not let you out until you promise to be friends."

"Cro-a-a-ak!" said the black bird, trying to arrange the few rumpled feathers that he had left so as to hide the bald places. "I only told him that he ought to be a little more serious and refined in his manner, and he pounced on me as if he were crazy. In all my life I *never* saw

such an undignified animal! And what very loud colours he wears!" And he stood on one leg and rolled his eyes disdainfully at the bright little bird who fluttered about in such a fury that his beady, ruby-coloured eyes blazed like lightning.

"Z-z-z!" he buzzed, with his mouth full of black feathers. "If I had an ugly coat like yours, I'd roll in a snow-drift. Just wait till I can get out! I'll pull out all the rest of your feathers!"

"Let them alone!" whispered Harmony. "They cannot harm each other now. See! the Major Scales have discovered the Minors, and are trying to get acquainted." Melody turned quickly and saw the prettiest sight in all the world.

"What is your name?" the scale of C Major was saying to one of the minor scales, who was standing with its finger in its mouth looking timidly up at him.

"C Minor if you please," it whispered shyly, very much frightened by all the bright colours and strange forms.

"Why, then you are my namesake!" exclaimed C Major. "I like you even if you do look so sad. Can't you smile and be a little more cheerful? We are all so happy here!"

"Is your name D minor?" the scale of D Major said to the next one. "Come with me and I will teach you a wonderful new game!"

"Where is my namesake?" cried E Major, running up in great excitement; and in a moment all the major scales had found their minor namesakes and were holding them by the hand, looking curiously at the demure little figures dressed in grey.

"Melody," whispered the scale of E Major, "don't the Minor Scales ever smile? I never saw any one before that did not like to laugh and play."

"Let us take them to the Music Fairy!" exclaimed Melody, as a bright idea came to him. "She can do anything—perhaps she can make them happy." Just as he spoke, they saw in the blue sky far above them a rosy cloud that gently sank nearer and nearer until it rested on the earth, and upon it sat the Music Fairy in a robe

of gleaming silver, with her long golden hair falling all about her like a shining mantle.

"Welcome, my dear children!" she said, as she lovingly embraced Melody and Harmony. "We have been lonely in Music Land without you, and you have bravely fulfilled your mission. Henceforth the Major and the Minor Scales shall live together in Keyland. Come to me, all my dear Minor Scales." So she gathered the timid little figures to her and smiled kindly upon them and they looked at her in wonder, for never in all their lives had they seen so beautiful a vision. "Why are you so sad?" she asked gently. "Tell us what you wish, and you shall have it, even to the half of my kingdom."

"Oh, dear Music Fairy!" they pleaded, falling on their knees before her, "we are sad because we have always been lonely and friendless. If we only had brothers and sisters, or relatives of any kind, we should be so happy!"

"But, my dear children," smiled the Music Fairy, holding them close to her side. "The major scales *are* your relatives, although you have never known it because you lived so far apart.

Each one of you minor scales has a brother among the major scales. Now I know that you can never guess which one it is!" and she smiled archly at them.

"I can!" shouted the scale of C major, hopping up and down in great excitement. "C minor is my relative because we have the same name."

"E minor is mine!" cried E major, standing gleefully on his head and waving his feet in the air; and all the major scales danced on tiptoe in their joy and clashed their sharps and flats together like cymbals.

"But you are all wrong!" cried the Music Fairy, shaking her finger at them and laughing like a chime of silver bells. "The relative of each major scale is the minor one that has seven notes exactly like it. Now one, two, three, run, dear little minors, and see how quickly you can find your major brothers!" Then indeed there was great confusion, for every scale in Keyland rushed madly about trying to find its relative, and the minor scales quite forgot to be sad, and ran as quickly as if a thousand thirty-second notes lived in their heels.

"I want A major to be my brother!" cried A minor. "Let me see; your notes are A B C♯ D E F♯G♯ A, and mine are A B C D E F G♯ A—Oh, dear! I have only five notes like yours!" and he was so disappointed that he sat down under a sforzando tree and began to cry bitterly. "I never can find my relative major key!" he sobbed. "I don't believe I have one! I am a poor orphan child!" and he beat his breast and tore his hair out in handfuls. Suddenly he heard a shout of laughter, and looking up quickly he saw such a funny sight that he quite forgot that he had ever been sorry in all his life. Up the winding path came the two music birds arm in arm, the black one hopping gaily on one leg, and the little one strutting along with such a pompous air that it would have made even a Minor Triad laugh.

"Cheep! Cheep!" croaked the big bird in a funny falsetto. "I have found my long lost brother!"

"Caw! caw!" twittered the little one in a deep bass voice. "Never did I love any relative like this one!"

"Nothing in all the world is as beautiful as red and green and yellow feathers!" cooed the black bird, tweaking out a mouthful from the music bird's left wing and sticking them coquettishly over one eye.

"Pr-r-rt!" boomed the little bird, cocking a rakish black topknot playfully at him. "I love black feathers so dearly that I pulled nearly all of yours out: and see what a fine crest I have made of them. Oh, we are the birds of Music Land! I am your relative Major. You are my relative Minor! We-e-e-e!" and they strutted off and sat down close together on a thirty-second rest, putting their heads lovingly under each other's wings.

"Oh, what is happening to us!" cried the Minor Scales all together. "See, we are shaking so that we have to hold our sides, and our mouths are stretched from ear to ear! We never felt like this before—are we going to die?—Oh, ha! ha! ha!"—and they rolled over and over on the ground in such a fit of laughter that all their sharps and flats rattled like castanets.

"Oh, Harmony!" cried Melody. "See! the

Minor Scales have learned to laugh, and they don't know what is the matter with them because they have never laughed before in all their lives. Oh, I'd give all my old whole notes if Vivace and Presto could see them!" and he was so full of glee that he jumped straight over the sforzando tree and landed on a pile of holds on the other side. Even the trees stood on their heads with joy and waved their roots in the air; and the little Music Bird grew so excited that he swallowed the black bird whole, feathers and all, and never again was even as much as one black feather seen in Music Land.

"In all my life I never did see such doings!" laughed Harmony, wiping his eyes. "But our troubles are all over now that the Minor Scales have learned to laugh, for if they can laugh only once a day we shall all be so much happier. It is all your fault, too, you ridiculous bird—" and he picked up the Music Bird and playfully ruffled all his bright feathers the wrong way. "Come! since you have done so much, do a little more. See how the scales are all trying to find their relatives. Cannot you help them?"

"Of course I can!" he twittered joyfully. "If the sixth note of every Major Scale will find the Minor Scale of that name—*then* you will see what will happen!" and he fluttered swiftly to the scale of C Major, who was rushing about as if he were distracted, trying to find his relative minor. "Look under the sforzando tree," he whispered, and was off like a flash.

"Go find C Major!" he sang in A Minor's ear; and both scales leaped up in such a hurry that they ran into each other and fell all in a heap.

"Are you my relative?" gasped C Major. "Stand up and let us see. My notes are C D E F G A B C."

"Mine are A B C D E F G♯ A," cried the minor scale. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven notes are just alike. You *are* my brother!" and they flew into each other's arms and hugged each other as if they never could stop.

"Hurrah! now I can be happy," shouted A Minor, throwing his sharp up in the air. "Let us both go to the Music Fairy and thank her for bringing us here. See! all the other scales have found their relatives too!"

The fairy stood up and clapped her hands three times. "Prince Melody, lead your scales to me," she cried. "Each scale with its own relative." So Melody and all his shining ranks of scales marched past the music fairy—each major scale holding its relative minor by the hand. There was C with A minor; G with E minor; D with B minor; and so on until all twenty-four scales had marched proudly past. Then she waved her wand and behold! the twelve ivory towers of Keyland rose before them, each with a smaller tower of gleaming silver beside it. "Behold your home!" she said, smiling sweetly on them. "Each Major scale and its triad shall live in its own ivory tower; but in the silver tower close beside it shall its relative minor scale and triads dwell. Now, enter; and each of you may sing of what you love best of all, for in that way only shall peace dwell in our realm."

So the major and minor keys lived together in Keyland and loved each other so dearly that the minors never longed to go back to their dark, sad country, although they never forgot it. Every morning when the sun was shining

brightly, and the sky was so blue that you could hardly look at it, the Music Bird flew to all the silver towers and brought the minor keys out to play with the majors; and they learned to dance and sing almost as gaily as their brothers even if they did not laugh quite so often. But when evening came and they were tired of play they stole back on tiptoe to their silver towers, and there they loved to sit in the twilight, singing plaintive little songs about their own country, while the major keys sat quietly and listened, each one at its own tiny lattice window. So the major keys taught the minors to laugh and be happy at least once a day, and the minor keys taught the majors to sing softly and gently a part of the time. So they all lived happily in Keyland for ever afterward. And I could tell you of a marvellous adventure that they had one day, but that is quite another story which perhaps you may hear sometime.—"The Strange Story of the Golden Feather."

All the hosts of the folk songs, with their cousins, the folk dances, sprang out of the earth and rushed to Melody.

"CHE-E-EP!" twittered the Music Bird as he darted into the princes' room one bright morning and pecked gently at their eyelids to waken them. "Do wake up, sleepy heads! Do you not remember that this is your birthday, and that the Music Fairy has promised all the Keys a great surprise today? Not a single scale slept a wink last night for wondering what it could be; and all the Key-towers are buzzing like bees. I have had on my new feathers for hours, and I ate seven whole notes for breakfast. Treble Clef has her best cap on, and even Bass Clef does not look quite as glum as usual. *You* don't know what the Music Fairy has for you!" and off he darted like a flash and perched on the highest twig of a fortissimo tree.

"Do you know, Harmony," said Melody, slipping his hand into his brother's as they ran toward Keyland, "I often get so lonely for the

Folk Songs and the Time Giants and the Trills and all the others that I'd almost like to run away and go to see them again. Oh, *how* I wish I had an Arpeggio to play with today! I'd even like to see the Glissando bird again, and I don't believe I'd be afraid of the Discord Dragon now."

"Of course you wouldn't, because he's dead, silly!" laughed Harmony. "But you were very glad to get home, just the same. How would you like to live in Minor Keyland all the time? And I'm sure our dear little foolish Music Bird is nicer than any Glissando bird that ever lived. But look!"

They had come in sight of the twelve ivory towers; and behold, in the great open space before them stood the music fairy in a robe of shimmering light.

"Welcome, my dear children," she said as they rushed to meet her. "I have a gift for you," and she laid a golden casket in Harmony's hand. "Now follow me into the Tower of the Key of C and I will promise that you shall have a surprise."

"I know more than you do," sang the Music Bird as he fluttered gaily before them. "I know what is in Harmony's golden casket! It is . . ." but the fairy looked warningly at him, so, instead of telling his secret, he shook out all his bright feathers and darted straight through the door of the C tower.

"Now open your casket," cried the fairy, smiling gaily at Harmony when they had entered. And lo! as he pressed the spring, up flew the lid and out leaped a tiny figure dressed in golden armour with a golden helmet on his head and in his hand a golden staff instead of a sword.

"I am Modulation, your majesty," he said in a voice that rang like a little silver trumpet. "I am the wizard of Keyland, and many are the wonderful things that I can do with my magic staff. I have come at the command of the Music Fairy to be your faithful servant for ever." And he dropped on one knee before Harmony and laid the staff at his feet.

Harmony clapped his hands with joy. "Oh, you dear little bright thing, I love you already!" he cried, as he lifted up the tiny figure and held

him on the palm of his hand. "But come, show me quickly what you can do!"

Down leaped Modulation lightly and darted swiftly to one side of the room. "Notes, Scales, Triads, Keys!" he exclaimed, whirling his staff three times around his head. Then lo! the solid wall opened before their very eyes showing a magic door leading into a secret passage down which the little golden figure sped as if he had wings on his feet. "Come!" he cried, beckoning gaily to them. And behold, the place was filled with radiant sunshine, and red roses fell all about them as they ran down the golden path which led straight to the tower of the Key of G.

"Oh dear Fairy!" cried the Key of C, with all its triads. "We have always longed to visit the Key of G. Let us go with you"—and they pressed about her and looked imploringly at her.

"Yes, dear children!" smiled the fairy; "this is my gift to you on the birthday of Prince Harmony. Wherever Modulation leads you may follow and to each key will I tell a charm that will unlock its magic door whenever it wishes to visit another key. Come now,"—and down

the bright path they sped, singing at the top of their voices.

"Oh, come in! come in!" sang the Key of G. "See what a beautiful picture we have. Did you ever see such a strange land and such strange people! Let us both go and visit the Key of D," they begged, tugging at Harmony's sleeve. So Modulation smote the wall, and again the magic door swung wide, and the fairy led them in triumph to the Key of D.

"Oh, we are so happy!" cried the three keys, embracing each other. "To think that we may visit all our brothers whenever we please! And I wonder if we cannot sing songs together too!"

"Let us try it," said the Key of D, very much excited. So they all began to sing at the top of their voices.

"Oh, ye False Notes!" cried Harmony, covering his ears.

"It sounds just like the Discord Dragon!" exclaimed Melody, shutting his eyes and making a wry face, while the three Keys were so discouraged that they threw their sharps on the floor and began to cry.

"You silly children!" laughed the Music Fairy, "don't you know that you cannot all sing at the same time? But you can make a very beautiful piece of music if each key sings for a little while and then gives the next one a chance. Now try it and see. First let the Key of G begin."

So the Key of G sang a song with its scale and all its triads, and when it stopped for breath the Key of D began, and then the Key of C. And because they stood close together and held each other's hands while they sang it made a lovely piece of music which pleased Harmony so much that he made them do it all over again.

"It is much more beautiful than when one key sings a whole piece alone," exclaimed Harmony. "I hope that all the keys will want to visit each other very often. Now let us go on, dear Modulation—but where is Melody?"

"I'll find him!" cried the Music Bird, darting off like an arrow; and in a trice he discovered the prince sitting on a pile of expression marks looking sadly at the ground.

"What is the matter with my dear Melody?"

asked the Music Fairy, as she lifted him up. "I know"—and she pinched his ear playfully. "He is wondering if I have forgotten that this is his birthday too; but if he only knew what his gift is to be he would never look sad in all his life again!"

Melody jumped up and threw his arms about her neck. "Dear Fairy," he cried, "tell me what it is quickly or I shall die—I am so curious."

"Once there was a little boy," she replied, smiling at him and stroking his bright hair, "who went on a long journey through the Land of the Folk Songs, through the Crescendo Cavern, over the Arpeggio Mountains, and into the land of the Minor Scales."

"Yes!" said Melody breathlessly, pressing closer to her side.

"Wherever he went," continued the Music Fairy, "people loved him so much that when he returned home, they began to send messages to ask if they could not come and live with him for ever. So this is my gift to you, my dear child. Look!" and she waved her wand, while Melody sprang up and rubbed his eyes in amazement;

for all around him was pricking up through the ground something that looked like thousands of little pointed red caps. In a moment tiny roguish faces appeared, twinkling their little black eyes at him; then two little waving arms, two lively legs and two little wooden shoes; and Presto! all the hosts of the Folk Songs, with their cousins the Folk Dances, sprang out of the earth and rushed to Melody, ringing their silver bells, clapping their hands and singing at the top of their voices. "Long live Prince Melody," they cried, dancing about him. "We have come to stay with you for ever!"

Then out from a tree trunk jumped a great hairy shape, and rushed up to the prince, nearly knocking him over in his joy.

"An Arpeggio!" shouted Melody, seizing him around the neck and rolling over and over on the grass with him. "I'll never let you go! never!" and he jumped up and sat down on his back hugging him with all his might and patting his rough coat.

"Here are Crescendo and Diminuendo and all the Time Giants," cried Harmony, "and I hear

the Chromatic Scale singing in the trees, and the Trills have come too—listen!"

"Whiz-z-z!" sounded far above them, and down from the very sky shot the Glissando bird, with the Music Bird riding gaily on his back.

"Oh, Prestissimo!" cried Melody, jumping up and down in great joy. "Now I can be happy all my life and never, never want to leave home again. Oh! I'd like to hug you all at once! Come, let us go to my own castle!" and he climbed on the back of the Glissando bird and tried to pull an Arpeggio up after him.

"Gr-r-r-r-r! that isn't the way I travel!" it growled, showing all its teeth at the bird, who ruffled up its feathers and pecked savagely at him. "I'll walk on my own three legs, if you please. Come on! *Ho-ho—ha-ha!—he-he! Ha-ha!* he-*he!* ho-*ho!*" and off he lumbered toward the castle.

"Hear, all ye hosts of Music Land!" cried the Music Fairy. "The Folk Songs and Folk Dances shall dwell with the Major and Minor Keys; the Time Giants may live in the little house that Prince Melody builds in his hand

when he plays the piano; the Trills, the Arpeggios, and the Chromatic Scale shall dwell in my own tower, and whenever Melody calls any of you, you must fly instantly to him. Come" —and off she sped with Melody to her tower. "Now," she said, smiling at him, "sit down at the piano and call the Trills and see what will happen."

So the Prince placed his hands on the Keyboard, and instantly Presto flew into his fingers and the Trills sang as if they would never stop. "Oh, I want my dear Arpeggio," he cried, and Moderato marched up stiffly and sat down on his hands, while a whole host of Arpeggios walked up and down the Keyboard so comically that Melody nearly fell out of his chair. "Come to me, Chromatic Scale!" he cried, and quick as a wink there was Allegro, too.

"You need me in your fingers to manage him," he said; and down the Keyboard rushed the Chromatic Scale as if he were running a race.

"Glissando!" shouted Melody, as Vivace leaped into his finger tips, and Pr-r-r-r-t! down swooped Glissando, and swept like a whirlwind

from one end of the Keyboard to the other. "Oh, what fun!" cried Melody, leaping up to embrace the Music Fairy. "May they really stay with me always? And may the Major and Minor Scales come sometimes and play with me too?"

"Trust me for that," chirped a little voice in his ear as the Music Bird perched on his shoulder, and pulled one of his curls playfully. "Just tell me which one you want and I will have him here before Presto can get into one of your fingers!"

"The Scale of G!" cried Melody in great glee and quicker than a wink there he stood on the Keys.

"I'll run a race with your ten fingers!" he panted, while F sharp danced up and down impatiently, and off they went like the whirlwind, racing up and down the Keyboard until even Presto was tired out.

"The Scale of G Flat!" shouted Melody, and there he stood angrily staring at the Prince, holding all six of his flats stiffly before him.

"Here I am!" he roared, "and I'll trip you up with some of my flats, you see if I don't."

"We'll see about that!" cried Melody. "I'll call Largo into my fingers, and he will help me." So with Largo's aid, he walked the naughty Scale all over the Keyboard and sent him home promising to be good and obedient for ever afterward.

"Such a nice birthday as it has been!" he sighed, as Harmony came in with Modulation on his shoulder. "I never in all my life had such a wonderful day!"

"We-e-e-e!" said a mournful little voice behind them, and there was the Music Bird sitting sadly on a hold, his tail drooping and tears in his eyes. "I have not had a wonderful day," he chirped. "Nobody has given me a present! Nobody in Music Land loves a poor bird!" and he covered his face with his long tail feathers and wept bitterly.

"We do love you!" cried both princes in one breath as they picked him up and hugged him so hard that he squeaked in alarm. "Dear Fairy, have you not a gift for him?"

"He shall have the nicest gift of all," said the fairy as she held the bright little bird on one

finger. "He may have anything in all the world that he wants. Now think hard!"

"I know!" he cried joyfully, fluttering his wings and chirping like mad. "Let *me* go on a mission, as Melody and Harmony did! I could slay a dragon too if I ever met one!" bristling all his feathers ferociously. "Let me go, dear Fairy!"

"But we cannot live without you!" cried the princes in one breath, aghast at the mere thought of losing their dear little playmate.

But the Music Fairy said gaily, "Of course he shall go if he wants to! you will not miss him at all, for he can fly faster than a million sixty-fourth notes, and he can go around the whole world while you are winking one eye. Come here, you silly bird, and be quiet for a moment if you can. Take this golden feather in your beak, for that will make you invisible so that nothing can harm you, and fly through all the earth until you find a child who loves music as well as Melody and Harmony love you. Then take him quickly on your wings and bring him here, and he shall dwell in Music Land for ever afterward!"

"Pr-r-rt! Che-e-e-p! Good-bye!" trilled the bird joyfully, and off he flew like a flash, holding the golden feather in his beak. Over land and sea he darted like a sunbeam, until one day his bright little eyes spied you as you sat singing to yourself, and Presto! before you could wink twice he picked you up and carried you away on his two wings to Music Land, although you never dreamed it. So that now, whenever you sit down at the piano you may be very sure that Melody and Harmony are close by your side although you cannot see them, and that all the Scales, the great hairy Arpeggios, the pretty little Trills and the lively Chromatic Scale, are waiting to play with you. But you must let all the Time Giants live in the little house that your hand builds, and while you are getting acquainted with the Scales and the Arpeggios, let Largo walk into your fingers, for they are very mischievous and will try to trip you up on their sharps and flats if they can. And let me whisper a secret in your ear. Everybody has to kill the Discord Dragon for himself. And you must be very careful or you will stray into the valley

of False Notes. And beware of the Glissando Bird, for he lives on the very edge of that dreadful land. But if you are very good indeed Harmony will go with you and help you to slay the dragon with his own sword.

THE END OF THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF PRINCE MELODY IN MUSIC LAND

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PRINCE MELODY IN MUSIC LAND

"*Prince Melody in Music Land* is a very delightful book for children. The author has translated much of the dry technique of music lore into a series of connected fairy stories in which Melody is a prince charming, the Bass Clef a giant, Harmony a royal personage, and the Notes various kings of fairies. Children who read this book will visit Octave Castle and the Land of Minor Scales and learn to know the Music Bird and the Music Fairy. They will enjoy while learning."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Charming tales of an unusual nature, in which the characters are the Clefs and Notes and Scales of Music Land. They are written very much like the ordinary fairy tales; but whereas the fairy tale is usually only an aid to imagination, these tales fill that need and also implant a love for music in children. There are numerous good illustrations."—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

"A charming idea and effectively worked out. There are some unusually clever illustrations. Parents who wish their children to be musical should not overlook this book."

—*The San Francisco Argonaut.*

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